HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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"I BEGAN THE RETREAT AS I INTENDED."

DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.—[SEE STORY "THE COLONEL OF THE FIRST CYCLE INFANTRY," PAGE 468.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

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PARTY POLITICS AND GOOD GOVERNMENT.

THE recent hearing on the LEXOW police bill before Mayor STRONG presented a very instructive spectacle. There appeared the most prominent representatives of the movement which had overthrown the corrupt despotism of Tammany Hall and put Mr. STRONG in the Mayor's office on a platform demanding, above all things, the total elimination of party politics from our municipal concerns and the conduct of municipal government upon a strictly non-partisan basis. They all—Mr. LAROCQUE, President LOW, Dr. PARKHURST, Mr. WHEELER, and others, speaking for the Committee of Seventy, the Chamber of Commerce, the City Club, the City Vigilance League, the Good Government Clubs, the German-American Reform Union, the Civil Service Reform Association—in fact, for all classes and organizations of public-spirited citizens who had fought the battle of good government for its own sake—reminded the Mayor in the most impressive accents of the solemn pledge he had made to be true to the spirit of the platform on which he had been elected, and demonstrated to him how the approval by him of the LEXOW bipartisan police bill would be a flagrant violation of that pledge. On the other side there appeared only Mr. LAUTERBACH, the well-known mouthpiece of Boss PLATT, asserting that the Republican party had put Mayor STRONG in office, and that its interests demanded the placing of representatives of that party as such on the police board to look after honest elections. Of course he forgot to mention that all the horrible abuses and scandals revealed before the LEXOW committee had grown up while there were representatives of the Republican party among the police commissioners.

It may have appeared somewhat strange to the ingenuous observer that after such a hearing Mayor STRONG still required time to make up his mind as to whether he should approve or disapprove, in the name of the city, a bill which not only was not a non-partisan measure, but for the first time introduced the formal recognition of partisanship as a permanent legal requirement in the constitution of the head of the police department. It is equally strange that Republicans of the "better element," as is reported, after the hearing should have secretly urged Mayor STRONG to approve the bill because it would please the Republicans in the interior of the State, and take a weapon out of the hands of Boss PLATT. And stranger still that such arguments should have been urged by otherwise decent people, and patiently listened to by a Mayor whose good name was staked upon fidelity to his non-partisan pledges, and this at the very moment when in that very police board a striking specimen of bipartisan work was furnished by the open and most shameless co-operation of Republican commissioners with a Tammany commissioner in taking out of harm's way and richly pensioning, against every principle or consideration of public interest, a high police officer whose conduct had been put under the gravest suspicion by important testimony before the LEXOW committee.

But most strange is it that Mayor STRONG, in the name of the city of New York, and in the face of the emphatic public declarations made by the most competent representatives of the prevailing sentiment of that city, should have approved the bipartisan police bill for reasons many of which had not made themselves heard at the public hearing, and had absolutely nothing to do with the question whether the bipartisan system, including the withdrawal of the examinations for the police force from the control of the civil service commission, would serve the cause of good municipal government. In fact, Mayor STRONG had repeatedly given several of his friends to understand that whatever he might think of the bipartisan feature of the LEXOW police bill, the civil service provision was altogether vicious and rendered that bill utterly unacceptable to him. What he now has to say in defence of it is certainly irrelevant. No unprejudiced observer can form any other conclusion than that the Mayor in giving his approval to the LEXOW police bill has yielded to secret partisan pressure and nothing else.

Everybody is disposed to judge Mr. STRONG mildly. It is charitable to assume that he has no conception of the consequences of his act. He will probably think that those who call it an abandonment of the principles he had professed and a gross violation of the pledges he had made are somewhat unreasonable persons, and misjudge the goodness of his intentions. He will still endeavor to improve methods of administration in what he considers a non-partisan way. He will partially succeed in putting the departments of the city government into a condition more decent than that in which they had been before. But all he will be able to accomplish is more or less improvement in the present working of the municipal government, instead of effecting that transformation of its spirit and character which he was elected to achieve. He has delivered himself into the hands of the party politicians, and thereby forfeited the confidence of the public-spirited men who rose above party to elect him. At the public hearing every speaker emphasized his trust in the Mayor's fidelity to his promises. Such speeches he will never hear again. Even the men who persuaded him to approve the bipartisan police bill feel in their hearts that he could not do what they asked him to do without gravely injuring his character. And with this his relations to that part of the citizenship of New York whose confidence and support were the main source of his moral strength have suffered a very serious change. From this time on he will find himself between two fires. As usually happens in such cases, he will look to those who have misled him for help in his embarrassments. He will be in danger of falling, without knowing it, deeper and deeper into the partisan toils. And some day he may wake up to the fact that he has sacrificed non-partisan municipal government to party politics, and made in this case a wretched failure; that he has dealt a vicious blow to the cause he had promised and intended to champion, that he has incalculably aggravated the difficulties in the way of future reform movements; and that he has paved the way for the return of Tammany Hall to power in the city of New York.

Men of experience will agree that these are the probabilities. Only by heroic efforts to retrieve his error can the Mayor avert such consequences. But so far Mr. STRONG has not shown himself capable of a heroic policy.

THE UNITED STATES AND SPANISH AMERICA.

THE enemies of Mr. CLEVELAND'S administration seem unwilling to speak their last word concerning the refusal of the President to prevent the landing of the British sailors and marines at Corinto for the purpose of compelling the Nicaraguan government to pay the $75,000 indemnity demanded for the expulsion of the British consular agent during the difficulty with the Mosquito Indians. There is no basis for their outcries. There is no logic in their apparent wrath. The intelligent among them know that Mr. CLEVELAND'S attitude was not un-American. We say that the anger of these Jingoes is apparent, because we have Mr. BLAINE'S example in mind, and have more than once reminded the readers of the WEEKLY of the effect of office on his aggressiveness. There was never a more promising Jingo than Mr. BLAINE was when he took office under Mr. GARFIELD in 1881, and again under Mr. HARRISON in 1889. But it was all promise, and, beyond some bluster, the Secretary did nothing to involve the country in war or to give our officers of the navy a chance for promotion. It is true that he was in favor of compelling Chile to recognize a certain person as President of Peru, but the dull performance of the brilliant promise of an "aggressive foreign policy" would have been disappointing to Mr. BLAINE'S ardent friends if they had been any more sincere than he. The Jingoes are warriors for votes only. They talk as they do because they believe that the American people love bullies and bullying.

As a matter of fact, the American people are long-suffering and not prone to wrath. They love their country, and, when war is unavoidable, they are willing to make all the sacrifices that war involves. The men who are now breathing war, and who insist that the government should protect all the Spanish-American countries against what they call European aggressions, are the people who are really hostile to American sentiment and forgetful of American history. Their efforts to stir up enmity between this country and Great Britain or Spain are distinctly unpatriotic. If they accept the logic of their position, they would make this government responsible for the conduct of the Spanish-American governments; for if we insist that no European nation shall make war upon Nicaragua or Venezuela, or any other South or Central American state, then we make ourselves as directly responsible for violations of international rights and laws committed by those states as the general government is responsible for the act of any one of these United States that is hostile to a foreign power or any of its citizens. Assuming, as we must, that in the particular instance under discussion Nicaragua is wrong, then, if the Jingo contention is correct, Great Britain can call on us to repair the wrong which it alleges was done to its subjects. We cannot say to European powers that they must not hold a weak government responsible for its acts unless we are willing ourselves to assume that responsibility.

Even a Jingo, we fancy, would hesitate to go to that length. In view of resolutions offensive to foreigners that have been introduced in the Legislatures of New York and other States, the United States government has quite enough of combined responsibility and impotence. The law-making bodies of its several States may repudiate debts due to foreigners, may express their approval of political assassination, may send cheering words to the rebellious subjects of the King of Spain, who is in friendly relations with us, while the mobs of our cities and our frontier may kill foreign citizens, and yet State and local governments cannot be held to account for these hostile words and deeds.

The United States must respond to the insulted and aggrieved foreign power, and yet the government of the United States has no power to restrain the Legislatures of States from their follies, or to punish the murderers of foreign citizens. And to all this responsibility, with its accompanying impotence, the Jingoes propose to add responsibility for the conduct of foreign states over which this government has no control whatever. If the conduct of one of the United States should involve the country in war, the citizens of the offending commonwealth would at least be compelled to bear their share of the burdens of the conflict. They would be obliged to furnish their portion of the troops, and to pay their part of the expense. But the South or Central American state which we protected by making war might escape all the consequences of its conduct. The United States certainly could not compel such a state to contribute men or ships or money. If we should say to Great Britain, "You shall not collect the $75,000 that you demand from Nicaragua," Great Britain would be perfectly justified, in international law, in responding, "Very well, then, we will collect it from you." When this country desires that such a state of affairs shall be possible, it will accept the Jingo notion as to the relations that ought to exist between the United States and the Spanish-American republics.

The real American policy towards the countries south of us is clearly understood, and we fancy that even Jingoes are aware of it when they are neither superheated nor touting for votes. Since those countries freed themselves from the rule of Spain and Portugal, it has been the declared policy of this country that no European monarchy shall force its system of government upon them. That policy has not involved the exclusion of European powers from American countries that have not rebelled and freed themselves. It does not imply that only the republican form of government shall prevail on this hemisphere. Not even a Jingo thought of objecting to the imperial government of Brazil. This country simply notified Europe that no foreign king or kingly government should be forced upon an American people who are striving to establish a republic. That the United States ought to stand sponsor for all the follies and crimes against European states and interests that are committed by the dictators and military usurpers who pretend to be presidents of republics is a notion that never found lodgement in a truly patriotic American mind.

There is one way, and one way only, in which this country might have effectively aided the growth of the republican form of government in the Spanish-American states. It might have enlightened them and encouraged them through the intimacies and fellowship that grow out of large and free commerce relations. But we established a commercial policy which threw these states into close and friendly relations with England. We closed our markets to their products. We declined to seek their markets with our own goods. We built a wall between ourselves and them. That they are still ignorant of what a republic ought to be is something for which we may thank the commercial policy which has been favored by LODGE, FRYE, and most of the other Jingoes. It is the true American policy to extend the blessings of free government throughout the Western hemisphere. It is the Jingo policy to close our doors against peaceful commerce, and to limit our relations with our Spanish-American neighbors to a blustering and bullying support of their crimes and follies.

PRESIDENT LOW'S GIFT.

THE generous gift which President Low has made to the university over which he presides will probably mark the beginning of a new life for the institution. This gift is singular in its proportions, for the heads of colleges and universities are not often possessed of the ability to present $1,000,000 to the cause to which they have devoted their lives. Usually they can give nothing more than their time and energies, and that gift is greater than the mere money endowments made by other men. The life of the head of a great institution of learning is necessarily one of self-sacrifice, for there have been very few American college presidents who might not have enjoyed more brilliant careers, and careers replete with material prosperity, if they had pursued the gainful occupations that are always inviting the men of ability in this country.

The successful and worthy American college president has always been a man devoted unselfishly and enthusiastically to the cause of education. If it has not always been the cause of higher education it is because the school system of the country and the demands that have been made upon the immediate time and energies of its youth rendered the support of institutions of higher education impossible. The American college president has done what was practicable. He has been forced to recognize the conditions existing around him, and to deal with the material which the schools sent to him. And he has generally done something in his time to make the training of his college better than he found it. All his achievements for others have been at what men are wont to regard as his cost. But he has really enjoyed a great reward—the reward which good men covet and which only good men can obtain. He has had, besides the deep spiritual joy that attends on self-sacrifice for noble ends, the consolation of the lasting affection of his students; for there are no names in this country more honored than those of the great college presidents who have gone.

To be worthy of the affection of generations of educated men is an object that appeals strongly to men of generous minds, and such minds only are to be intrusted with the guidance and training of youth. It is a pleasing augury of the future of the great university, which is about to grow to something greater than it was, and to be, let us trust, the glory of the intellectual life of the American metropolis, that its young and vigorous president has demonstrated his zeal and affection for his task and his college so splendidly and reverentially. He has deliberately sacrificed a brilliant public career, he has put behind him the great temptation of adding to his fortune, and he has placed that fortune, as he has placed himself, at the service of the Columbia University. And in doing this, and in paying reverence to his father, the merchant who loved what Columbia stands for, he has built an enduring incentive to the generations of merchants who will dominate the future life of New York, and who will doubtless be led by this example to give fortunes for education where President Low has given both fortune and himself.

ENGLAND AND ROME.

A WELCOME evidence of the softening of the asperities of religious controversy is furnished by the letter which Pope LEO XIII. has addressed to the English people. If the traditional odium theologicum has not wholly disappeared from the field of religious discussion elsewhere, there is no trace of it in this document, which is couched in the language of the most exquisite courtesy and animated by the true spirit of Christian charity.

In the elevation of its sentiments and the dignity of its tone the letter is among the most admirable productions of one of the ablest of Popes. It is worthy of study as a literary effort and as a state paper. Of the consummate skill which dictated it, it is enough to say that in a long and earnest appeal for the restoration of unity between the Church of England and the Church of Rome there is not a word which could offend the sensibilities of the sturdiest English Protestant, not an expression which does not carry with it the conviction that it was dictated by genuine kindliness and sincere esteem.

And yet it is only as a literary production, or as an evidence of the bettered tone of religious discussion, that the letter has any value. It may well remain as a pleasant memory. It will neither mark nor cause any change in the situation. Neither in England nor in any English-speaking country is it possible to conceive of a body of Protestants of any degree whatever accepting an invitation to return to submission to the Church of Rome.

The whole of English history since the separation forbids it. There is not an event of national importance from the first dissolution of the monasteries to the last vote on the Irish land bill which has not widened the separation. All English history would have to be reversed, to be rewritten, to be written backwards, to make a restoration of unity possible. English history for the last three hundred and fifty years has been chiefly a history of success, but success and defeat alike have helped to make England Protestant. The lesson is taught alike by the Tyburn gallows and the Oxford fagots. The candle which LATIMER lighted has never been put out. The defeat of the Armada, the regicide at Whitehall, the Protectorate and the Restoration, the union with Scotland and the rebellion against JAMES, in a word, every event that has taken place on British soil since the time of HENRY VIII. has intensified the feeling which makes Great Britain irrevocably and inexorably Protestant.

The division between England and Rome is not now primarily ecclesiastical. It is not chiefly a difference of doctrine or of discipline, although even this difference would be insuperable. It is not possible to conceive of the Anglican Church, or of any Protestant Church of America, accepting the claim of the Church of Rome to spiritual authority, or assenting to the dogma of the Immaculate Conception or of Papal Infallibility. It is not even possible to conceive of the acceptance of auricular confession or of the celibacy of the clergy. But even if these were possibilities, they would not be worth considering.

The deeper reason, the wider division, which turns the letter of the Pope to a kindly but baseless dream, lies in the English race and in the English nature. In every drop of English blood, in every instinct of English life, in every fibre of the mental and spiritual as well as of the physical constitution of the Englishman, there is one fixed trait, one set purpose, one law of his being—he will not submit to the domination of a foreigner. Against this rule of his existence all pleas and arguments and exhortations beat as vainly as the winds against the rocks of his rugged coast. The "little strip of silver sea" interposes a boundless ocean between him and any alien authority.

This spirit had not attained its full strength at the time of the Reformation, although even then the papal legate was looked at askance, and insular contempt for the foreigner was ever an English trait. But the years since the authority of Rome was cast off have been years of steady growth in national feeling as well as in liberty. If no one now insists on the principle of an absolutely self-ruled England, it is because no one thinks of its being questioned. The thought that England to-day could accept a unity with Rome, which implies submission in spiritual affairs to Rome, could be entertained only by one who had no knowledge of English nature or of English life. It is evidence of the good sense and good temper of the English people that the letter has been received in the spirit in which it was sent. Its publication has called for universal comment from every organ of public opinion, but not for any utterance of acerbity. On the contrary, there seems to be no dissent from the opinion that England can well afford to reciprocate in a spirit of courtesy the kindly sentiments of a power from which she no longer has anything to fear.

THE WAR ON WARING.

THE WEEKLY has thus far refrained from adding its word to the controversy raging about Street-cleaning Commissioner WARING. We have not been silent because the storm has not been interesting or important, but because it has seemed well to wait until the indignant members of the Grand Army of the Republic had done their worst or best.

It was not a judicious remark that Mr. WARING made, and if Mayor STRONG'S reported comment to that effect was really made it was not undeserved. At the same time Mr. WARING has a right to his opinion of the Grand Army of the Republic, and as a citizen has the right to express it. As a public officer, however, he owes something to the cause that he is serving, and the least that can be asked of him by those whom he represents, and by all workers for municipal reform, is that he should not do or say anything that will distract public attention from his work. At this stage of the movement for better city government, the man who holds a place like Mr. WARING'S is bound to permit his work, and his work alone, to speak for him, and he should avoid doing or saying anything that will give his enemies an opportunity to divert popular attention from the manner in which he is performing his duties to his own personality. The energy and printer's ink which have been expended in denouncing Mr. WARING'S opinion of that element of the Grand Army of the Republic which has been using the organization for the purpose of procuring undeserved pensions, might have been employed in pointing out that the Street-cleaning Commissioner has kept the streets clean, especially in the hitherto neglected tenement-house district, beyond the dreams of any of his Tammany predecessors. And in the demonstration of this achievement the municipal reformers of all our cities are profoundly interested, for the experiment that is going on in New York, lame and crude as it necessarily is in the first year after the overthrow of Tammany, is of far deeper importance than the mere reform of the metropolis. Municipal reform, as will be apparent from the character of the Municipal Reform League that will assemble on the last three days of this month, is a national movement, and Mr. WARING holds an office in which he has the opportunity to give an object-lesson in the material value of good government. That his work is of such a character as to answer this requirement makes it all the more regrettable that he has for the time diverted newspaper talk from that work to himself.

We say this all the more readily because we believe that Mr. WARING'S remark was justified by the conduct of many members of the Grand Army of the Republic. He was right in saying that designing men have used that association for the profit of pension sharks and attorneys, and for the benefit of men who are willing to compound for money the gratitude which the country owes them for their services in the field. There are, of course, many honorable veterans in the Grand Army, but they have been too often outweighed by greedy money-grabbers, who give the lie to their pretended sacrifices for the country by their insistence on money and office in return for what they, some of them, did, and others say they did, thirty years ago. As an officer, Mr. WARING has the right to protest against the view that he shall appoint old veterans to perform the tasks that require youth and strength. As an old soldier, he has the right to object to the obloquy that is cast on men of his kind by men who wore the same uniform and who fought under the same flag, it is true, but who fought for pelf, while the true soldiers of the country fought from the higher motives of patriotism by which the heroes of our Revolution were inspired and sustained. Not only should the pension roll be a "roll of honor," but membership in the Grand Army should be an honorable distinction. That the pension roll is full of fraud and corruption, and that the Grand Army is in the clutches of men unworthy of the cause for which they fought, is not the fault of old soldiers like Colonel WARING. But that this sad result has actually been reached is the belief of a large number of intelligent Americans, and, judging from the famous resolutions of Farnham Post, of some of the best members of the organization itself.

AN AFFLICTED PARENT.

THE heart bleeds for the Marquis of Queensberry in his afflicting experiences of the responsibilities of a parent. He has trouble with his sons, as other eminent reformers have had before him. HOWARD, the philanthropist, a blameless person, had a very bad son. MATTHEW ARNOLD, the great critic, had also, if we remember right, a son who was a source of trial and very large expense to him. Lord Queensberry has several sons. One he lately rescued from evil associations in London; another took sides with his brother, and tried to stand off the rescuer; a third has still more recently been heard of in San Francisco, where his behavior has been such as to get his name into the newspapers and his person into jail. All this is very hard on his poor father, who seems, indeed, to have but one son who is not a care to him, and that one deceased. What makes it all the sadder is that when a man—and a reformer especially—has one son go wrong, people say it is his misfortune; but if all his sons turn out disreputable, it is impossible to hinder inconsiderate persons from pointing out that no man can expect to bring up his sons in the way they should go unless he is willing now and then to travel that way himself. To rescue one's offspring from sin and evil company is a good work; but, after all, the felicity of it is less than to raise one's children so that they do not need to be rescued. As a parent Lord Queensberry has a claim on our sorrowful sympathy even while we applaud him as a reformer.

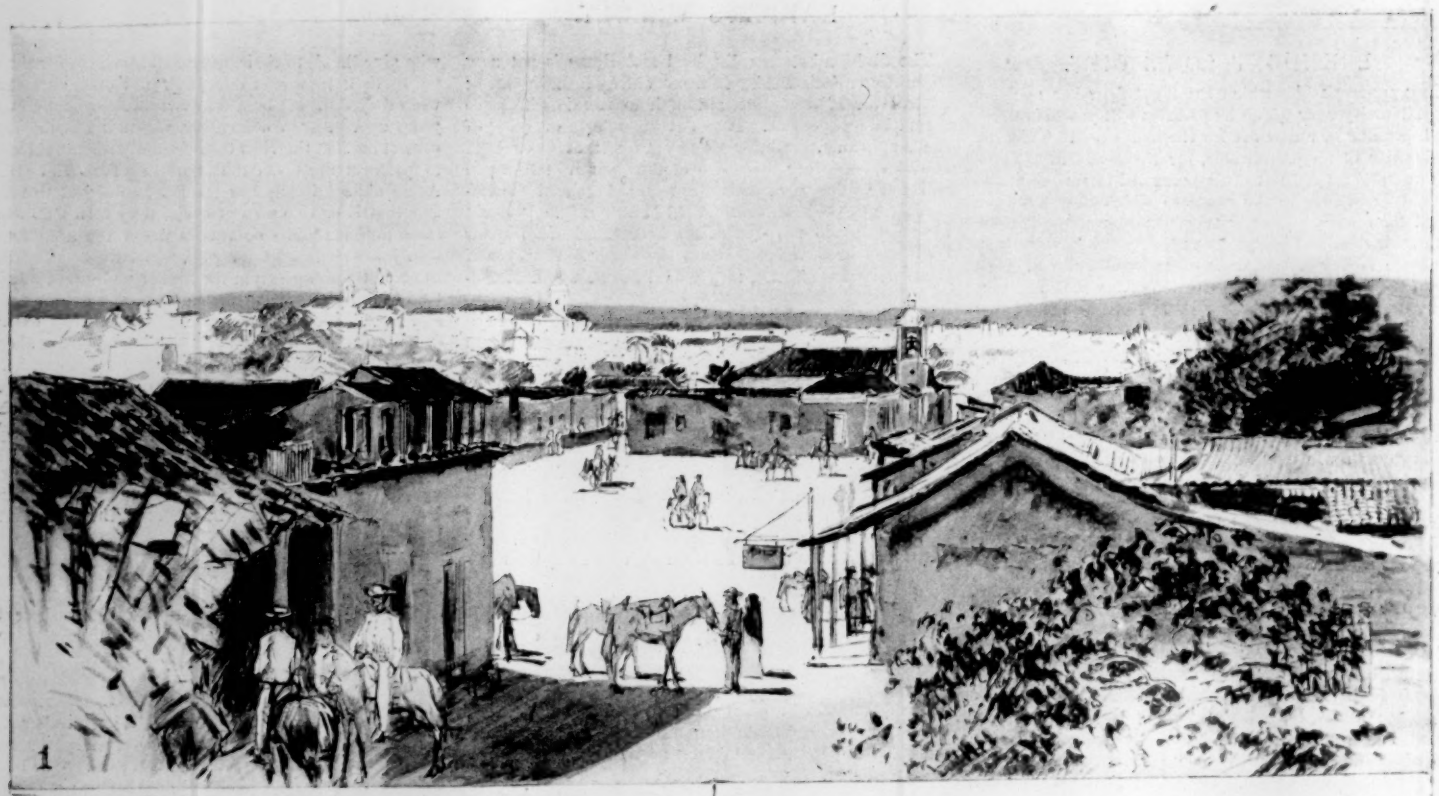
NEW HOPES FOR HORSE-RACING.

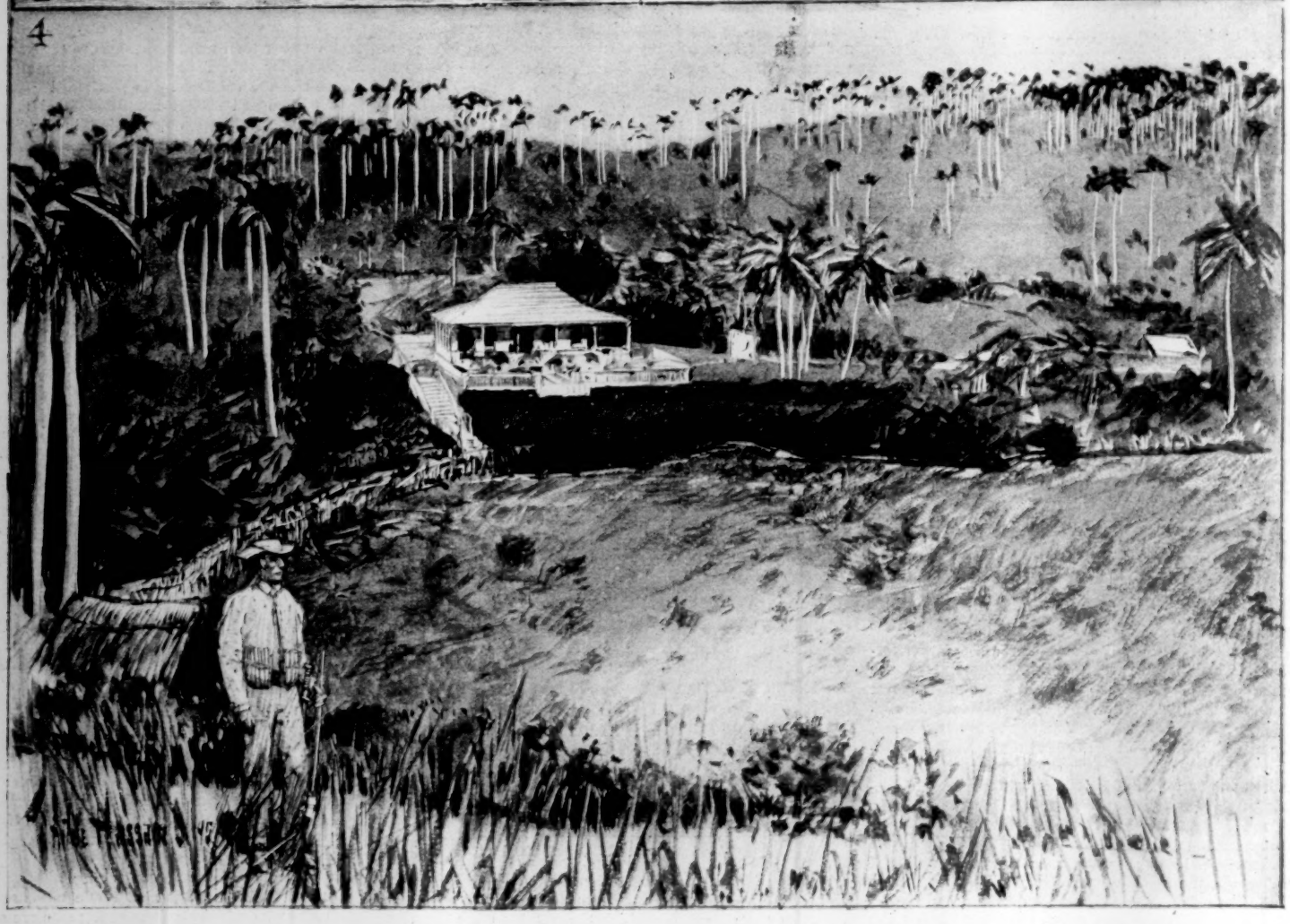
THE opposition to the GRAY racing bill seems to have been based on convictions of the sinfulness of horse-racing in general rather than upon objections to the provisions of that particular bill. A highly respectable and influential element in the community is persuaded that horse-racing is wicked and should not be suffered to go on. They find a basis for this conviction in the intimate relation that usually obtains between horse-racing and gambling.

The race-track represents to their eyes the antithesis of the Sunday-school. They see in it a place where men go in pursuit of sinful pleasures—to bet, to drink, to spend time and money they cannot spare on amusements that do them nothing but harm. These objections have a painful amount of actual basis. There is no proof that the devil invented horse-racing, but there is very strong evidence that he has taken a zealous interest in it ever since it began. It has an almost insuperable tendency toward demoralization. It possesses such attractions for gamblers, cheats, ne'er-do-weels, and the more thriftless and degenerate elements of society that honorable sportsmen, with a strong legitimate interest in the sport, have repeatedly withdrawn from it in disgust. When they have found that they could not keep racing clean they have preferred to give it up altogether.

Nevertheless horse-racing is a legitimate sport. It is not cruel; it is not intrinsically wicked. Besides its usefulness as an amusement, it serves a secondary purpose of some value in the encouragement it gives to improve the breed of horses. The breeding of thoroughbreds is not of importance enough to be prosecuted at very high cost of degeneration in men, but in itself it is worthy. Persons who want to race horses should not be hindered from doing so, provided that they can have their sport without doing too much harm to the community. The GRAY bill and the measures supplementary to it represent an attempt to make legitimate racing practicable in New York State, and to minimize all the evils that have been used to accompany it. It permits horses to be run for purses under proper conditions, but prohibits all the apparatus for public gambling on the result. Its advocates are men of respectability and high standing in the business world, and it is probably as good a racing bill as could be framed. The bill has passed the Legislature, has been signed by the Governor, and has become a law.

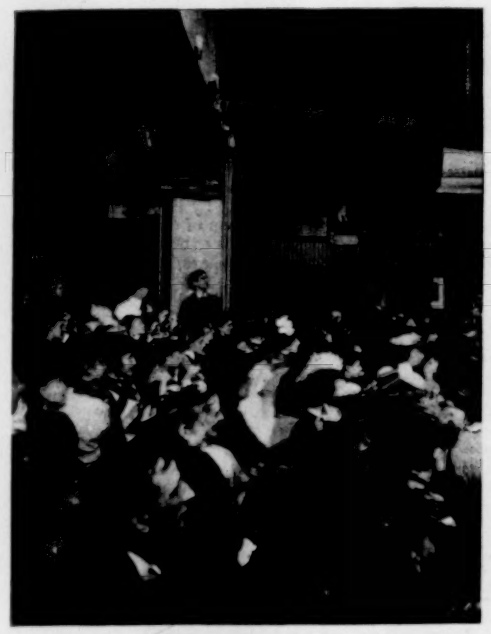
The WEEKLY would rather see racing reformed than abolished in this State, and is glad that a measure of the practical effects of which the best racing men are so sanguine is to have a fair trial. No good sport can be readily spared. Whether it is horse-racing or football, it is better to cure the disease than to kill the patient.





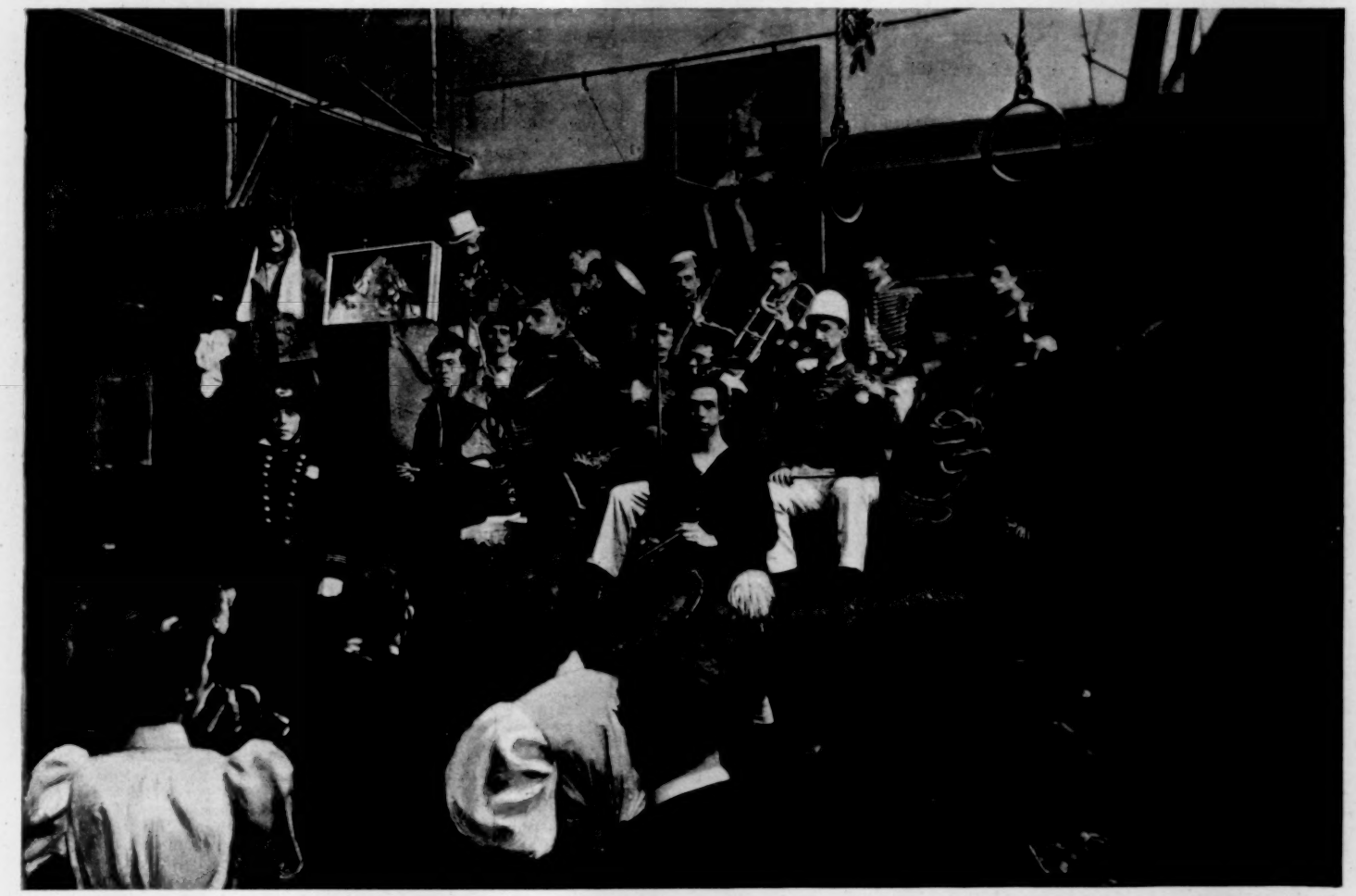
SCENES IN EASTERN CUBA, THE SEAT OF THE PRESENT REBELLION.—Drawn by Childe Hassam.—[See Page 471.]

1. City of Santiago, formerly Capital of Cuba. 2. Juragua Iron-Mines. 3. View in the Valley of Dos Bocas, near Santiago. 4. View in the Valley of Dos Bocas.



THE AUDIENCE.

THE LEADING CHARACTERS IN THE FAKIRS' AUCTION.



THE OPENING OF THE AUCTION.

A GROUP OF THE EXHIBITS.

ANOTHER GROUP OF THE EXHIBITS.

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN FAKIRS, A FEATURE OF ART-STUDENT LIFE IN NEW YORK.—[See Page 472.]

LIFE AND LETTERS

One of the most agreeable books I have read for a long time is The Literature of the Georgian Era, by the late Professor William Minto, which is made up of his Aberdeen lectures on the great poets and prosators of the four Georges' time, and of several articles about them from different periodicals. It is full of a comfortable good sense, and its temper is charming; the author has no theory to prove, no side to serve, no point to carry, which he cannot present with entire amiability and urge with unfailing politeness. These are really very rare qualities in a critic, but they are very precious ones, and I am not sure that they would be less precious if they were less rare; at any rate I should be willing to risk their diffusion. They endear him so much to the reader that I think no one who acquaints himself with Professor Minto in this book will be without a sense of personal grief for his death.

I.

What one realizes from it first is the comparative greatness of the Georgian era. All such groupings, of course, are largely arbitrary; a given time is partly the time before and the time after, but there is a moment of it when it is no other time, and this perhaps justifies the fondness people have for thinking of history in periods and epochs, rather than as an unbroken current of events. At any rate it is convenient, like the division of a day into hours, or an hour into minutes, and it satisfies the instinct of personification.

Of course the four Georges had really no more relation to the Georgian era than Elizabeth or Anne had to the literature of the periods named after them. Together the Georges reigned longer, and their era, without any recorded effort of theirs, was greater than either Elizabeth's or Anne's, if we leave Shakespeare out of the count. To be sure, that is leaving out a great deal; but Johnson, Goldsmith, Thomson, Gay, Collins, Cowper, Burns, Wordsworth, Byron, Keats, Shelley, Campbell, and Moore go well toward making up even his sum. Professor Minto, however, does not concern himself with the comparison which his criticism suggests, and so far as he is at all controversial, he seems to wish us to think better than other critics have taught us to think of the great master who is not of the Georgian era, but of the age of Queen Anne in the common acceptation. A good part of his delightful book is given to the study of Pope as an artist and as a man; he neither condemns nor defends him in either sort, but simply makes it his affair to clear away the prejudices and let you see Pope, once again, for yourself. His task is much easier than it would have been earlier; the ideals that Pope stood for, or was made to stand for by friends and by foes, have been so long rejected that we have begun to ask whether there was not some good in them; and he has been so finally cast down from his pre-eminence as a poet that it is easy at last to own that he was a master, and to pay him some reverence in that quality.

I am perhaps drawing upon my own feeling for him in imagining that no one can regard him from Professor Minto's stand-point without a juster sense of him. Still I think it will not be possible for the reader of this book to keep the old estimate of Pope as a rigid and autocratic ruler of the realm of taste, who exiled from it all simple and genuine impulse, and held it in subjection to certain hard and fast conventions tending to an inexorable formality. He will not keep this notion of Pope any more than the other notion that he was a cruel and malignant satirist, who exulted to inflict pain, and that he was a false friend and unscrupulous enemy. Professor Minto shows that he was none of these, but a man who sometimes lied when he was hard bested, and involved himself in webs of deceit concerning his literary affairs, but was for the most part kindly and faithful, with a generosity often superior to a fate by no means easy, even when it was most flattering. He was partly what he was because it was his character, and partly because it was his circumstance; and his poetry had an artificial cast because the age and the world in which he lived were artificial. Pope himself was better than either, and had a vision of higher and truer things, and a sentiment for nature which we have vainly supposed no sentiment because it was expressed with the formality that was natural to his period.

II.

It is a little bewildering to find almost nothing about Goldsmith in these lectures. He is mentioned now and then, and there is no proof that the critic thinks slightingly of him, but there is none to show that he values him either as one of the greatest figures of the Georgian era, or one of the most delightful spirits in English literature; he who touched nothing that he did not adorn, is left almost without recognition as a poet, and quite without recognition as a novelist, by a critic peculiarly qualified to appreciate him both as a poet and a novelist. I am not sure that one is quite consoled for this neglect or oversight by the fine appreciation of Cowper, and the still finer appreciation of Thomson. Both these poets are studied with exquisite intelligence, a sort of sublimation of good sense, which, within the bounds the critic has set himself, leaves scarcely anything to be asked. Burns is studied with the same felicity, but one feels that the critic might have said a little more for Allan Ramsay. Of course the most difficult figure to handle was Wordsworth, but I think it will be the reader's own fault if he lays down this book without a truer vision of Wordsworth than he had before. In fact, the real range of the author's criticism is from Pope to Wordsworth, and the highest testimony to his justice is his equal touch in dealing with two such very different men. So very different? I have a feeling of less difference in them than I had before I read what Professor Minto says of them.

III.

Even from such an out-door presence as Wordsworth's, it is like going into some opener air to pass to such a poet as Björnstjerne Björnson in Professor H. H. Boyesen's Essays on Scandinavian Literature. It is some such transition, say, as going from some one who knew Nature perfectly, and loved her devoutly, to Nature herself, though that is perhaps saying it too strongly. What I mean is that a scent of the paper and bindings clings about Wordsworth when he moves freest over the slopes of Rydal, and his garments always exhale the smell of the fire on the library hearth. But in Björnson's spirit you have the sense of something vast that never was roofed or walled; you move amidst the colossal forms of the North, under midnight suns, through the cold breath of fjords and glaciers. It's as if there had never been a book before his, so freshly and directly does he report life in his page; his very diction is not from lexicons, but from the lips of men.

In these latter days Björnson has come to stand before the world for his country as against his king, and for a political ideal of freedom and independence. Professor Boyesen quotes some one who has said that to speak his name is like running up the Norwegian flag; he is a republican, and further yet, a Democratic Socialist; and in the hard necessity of becoming a type of patriotism he has run some risk of forgetting his character of literary man. But it is mainly in this character that Professor Boyesen deals with him, and it is in this character that we wish most to know him. A hundred political situations change and pass, and we do not remember the names of the men who have figured in them. But we always remember the name of the man who created certain imaginary shapes and endowed them with such life that we lost ourselves in them for some time being, and we are never satisfied till we know all we can of that man. We want to know him mainly on his artistic side, and how he came to do the thing that so strongly possessed us; we want to be friends with him, and intimates. We may agree with him a thousand times when he demands that we shall let him be a man and a brother as well as an author, but always on condition that he remains an author; for us, especially us at a distance, and out of his home battle, the main thing is that he shall keep on being an author. We have a hope, if not a belief, that the destinies of peoples will accomplish themselves through the people, while art can accomplish itself only through the artists. We wish these to spare themselves a little, and occasionally come out of the fight long enough to sing us a song or tell us a story, or perhaps hire a substitute, and devote himself altogether to our amusement; and it does not much signify to us that they are right and we are wrong. George William Curtis did a great work for humanity when he turned from the literary to the political life, yet who knows but his work for humanity might have been quite as great if he had kept to the primrose path? A question as to what is waste comes in here, and I am not prepared to answer it. Very possibly such men as Björnson and Curtis and Tolstoy put themselves to the best use when they dedicated themselves each to his own time and place, but as such men have the power of serving the race everywhere and forever, it seems a waste that they should not. I don't insist upon the fact; it may not be so, though it seems so. At the same time I am sorry not to have more of them in art, which they exalted by infusing it with their own spirit. I wish the books of Björnson were twice as many as they are; but that is for my pleasure. I am not sure that he would be twice as great if they were twice as many. All that I am sure of is that he is a very great man already, and with the several-sidedness which great men seldom lack. In fiction he was one of the first new men I read, but I do not think I had for that reason an undue impression from him. As a poet, in the metrical and rhythmical meaning, we know him quite too little; but as a dramatist, Professor Boyesen imparts a fair sense of his quality, and I think this is what gives his admirable essay special value. It is a great pity that through our subjection to the English taste in the theatre we are still so provincial and unintelligent that we have not had any of his plays done here; but the reader who cares can easily get them in the German, and acquaint himself with them in that way. I should urge him to read The Bankrupt, and A Glove, for this purpose; the latter, indeed, can be had in English. He will not find Björnson quite as pitiless as Ibsen, but I think he won't find him less true; both justice and mercy are divine, though some of us think only the one is, and some of us think only the other is.

IV

A good third of Professor Boyesen's volume is given to Björnson, and of course Björnson, more than any other Norse writer, embodies the great intellectual and artistic *risorgimento* of the Norse genius, which, as it may be studied here, and in Professor Boyesen's Commentary on Ibsen, will be found one of the most important uprisings of modern times. But Jonas Lie, the half-fantastic and half-realistic half-Finn and half-Norse novelist; and Alexander Kielland, the fine and delicate, almost aristocratic talent which has been the latest to dedicate itself to country and humanity, have also been most interesting and potent factors in it; and very likely the reader will find the essays which treat of them the most attractive in the book; I did; they dealt with the freshest material. The paper on Hans Christian Andersen is a charming bit of character-painting, touching in Andersen's foibles with a skill that shows them an essential part of him; and that on Contemporary Danish Literature is not only admirable in itself, but is indispensable to a right perception of what has been done in Norway; this could not have full relief in the reader's mind without some such background. The criticism on the Swedish poet Tegnér, whom we do not know so well as we think, seems to me extremely well done, and it unquestionably completes a prospect of modern Scandinavian literature which is without an equal that I know of. The book is very good reading from beginning to end, but if I were to choose, I should take the three essays on Kielland, Lie, and Andersen as showing the highest critical mood of the essayist, and offering the finest proof of his mastery in English.

W. D. Howells.

TO OUR SENATORS.

Young Politics, lest knaves should him beset,
Began to memorize each knave he met;
But reeling in the task he changed his plan,
And soon could say by heart each honest man.

Owen Wister.

RUSSIA AND THE CHINO-JAPANESE TREATY.

The China-Japan war is virtually at an end, but, as has been long foreseen, it will constitute but a "*lever-de-rideau*" before the great Asiatic drama, which has now to be played out before a full house of the European powers.

A hundred years ago China and Japan might have waged a war of extermination, and the result would have been regarded with supreme indifference by Europe and America, but now the fever for extension of empire has bred a thirst for interference, and Europe expects in every case to take a part, generally the lion's share, in the division of the spoils.

"Safe-guarding of interests" is the plausible excuse for the inevitable thrust of a very large finger into everybody else's pie.

If Japan could have settled her dispute with China without any fear of interference, and could have been permitted to reap the extreme reward of superior force, a Japanese Viceroy would doubtless be seated by now on the Dragon throne of Peking.

A personal experience of the civilization and methods of the West has, however, brought with it the realization of that comprehensive and convenient expression "European Interests," and in deference to those interests Japan has adopted a line of studied moderation in dictating her conditions of peace.

Moderation, however, only incites aggression, and is sometimes interpreted as a sign of weakness. The European powers, on the presumption that Japan is not quite sure of her strength, are now adopting a dictatorial attitude in order to annex for themselves some of the fruits of Japanese victory. At present Japan seems disposed to stand firm, and to insist on her obvious rights, and the lack of unanimity in the voice of Europe is undoubtedly strengthening her in this attitude.

America, whose position removes her from any suspicion of self-interest in this matter, is giving her moral but passive support to Japan, and the attitude of the United States throughout the war has been one of consistent and praiseworthy approval of the cause of civilization.

England, not realizing at the outset the helplessness of China, dreaded the unknown strength of the sleeping leviathan, and was inclined to support it, so as to preserve intact the celestial buffer between England and Russia in the far East.

Now, however, that the great Chinese bubble has been pricked, English diplomatists have executed a most agile and satisfactory "*volte-face*," and the world is treated to the remarkable and edifying spectacle of England standing aloof from the protest of European powers on the ground that she considers it reprehensible to interfere in a matter which does not concern her!

In plainer language, Japan has gained the moral support of England in return for advantages not yet publicly enumerated, but doubtless of a substantial order.

And now let us consider what are the interests on the other side which have prompted this interference. Have Russia, France, Germany, and Spain any genuine cause for complaint beyond the fact that booty is to be had, and that they are not sharing in its distribution? Europe has of late years contracted the colonial fever, and arrogates to itself the right to stake out into "spheres of influence" all portions of the earth's surface, the owners of which are not sufficiently powerful to resent the imposition. In pursuance of this doctrine, Germany, France, and Spain have doubtless a vague sense of grievance and deprivation, but the claims of Russia are considerably less shadowy and problematic. She really has very large interests at stake, interests which are doomed to extinction if the China-Japan treaty is consummated.

It has been the eager and long-standing ambition of Russia to become a great power in the northern Pacific, and to contest the supremacy of England in the far East. Mistress of the northern half of Asia, she would have her power predominant at both ends of this mighty continent; but Nature is against her. Owing to the rigors of the climate north of the 40th parallel of latitude, eastern Siberia is ice-bound for fully a third part of every year, and has no outlet.

At the extreme southeastern corner of her territory Russia has constructed the great naval stronghold of Vladivostok; but for nearly five months every winter this port is frozen up and inaccessible to her fleet. Her nearest harbor of refuge or coaljng-station to Vladivostok is Cronstadt, at least 12,000 miles distant. In other words, for a third of every year the Russian Pacific squadron is without a base of operations, and is entirely dependent on the good-will of foreign powers for even such necessaries as coal. And the greater the strength of the squadron, the greater its straits; for, to use an Irishism, coal is the life-blood of a fleet.

Here, then, we see a great power like Russia humiliated to a position of impotence for a large portion of every year solely owing to the lack of a naval port south of the ice region. Such was her position until the outbreak of the present war, but she hoped and intended that it should be only a temporary one.

For years the most persistent and strenuous efforts had been made by Russia to obtain a port in Korea, and on several occasions she had been within an ace of success, but had been as often foiled by Chinese opposition inspired by England. Had Russia only the Korean government to deal with, she would have long since annexed Port Lazaroff (Gensar), without difficulty or hesitation; but against the steady barrier of Chinese, Japanese, and British opposition, diplomacy had to replace mere force of arms.

Compelled to look elsewhere for the moment, Russia turned her eyes on Port Hamilton, an island off the southern extremity of Korea; but here again she was supplanted by England, who seized the island, only to evacuate it in 1887 on the distinct pledge that it should be occupied by no other foreign power.

At another date, Japan refused to sell the island of Tsushima, admirably situated for Russian purposes in the Korean Strait, and in view of possible breaches of the Tenth and even the Eighth commandments, she converted it into an advanced and fortified naval station for her own use. Once again Russia was foiled, and a Korean port remained her only hope.

With infinite patience, but with steady determination, she attempted to establish her influence in Korea, and ob-

tained important so-called commercial concessions in the peninsula, and permeated the country with her political agents. Meanwhile she was energetically pushing forward the construction of the great trans-Siberian railway, which mighty link would eventually enable her to transport her armies from West to East and to back up her aspirations by overwhelming force when the propitious moment should arrive. Vladivostok was temporarily selected as the terminus of this vast undertaking, but that the ultimate terminus was destined to be further south was a patent and indisputable fact. Otherwise the railway would be deprived of half its value, and would never have been commenced. For over a third of every year it would constitute a mere "*cul-de-sac*," without any outlet, and it is idle to presume that Russia would be content to expend $200,000,000 on such a crippled scheme as that. An open port in Korea is an absolute necessity to her, and she is still bent on obtaining it by diplomacy or by force.

Now, however, she is confronted by a new and unexpected difficulty. Japan has arisen as a power of the first magnitude at the very gates of Asiatic Russia, and, jealous of Russia's designs, is using her triumph over China as a means to checkmate them. The Japanese conditions of peace are deliberately calculated to destroy Russia's cherished aspirations effectually and forever. Korea is proclaimed an independent kingdom, but under Japanese influence, which will undoubtedly be as predominant and all-powerful as is the British influence in Egypt. To all intents and purposes Korea will be a Japanese possession.

To make matters worse for Russia, Japan has also installed herself in southern Manchooria and the Liao-tong peninsula, on Russia's flank, and in such a position as to effectually isolate Korea from any possible outside influence but her own. Every possible outlet for the trans-Siberian railway, every possible open port for the Russian Pacific squadron, is absorbed by Japan, and the Sea of Japan becomes a second Black Sea to Russia, and Vladivostok a second Sevastopol.

Little wonder that Russia protests against a treaty of peace involving such conditions, and the question is, will she be able to do more than protest? If Japan ignores her representations, is Russia strong enough to enforce them? In my opinion, unquestionably she is not. On the sea the present re-enforced Russian Pacific squadron and the Japanese navy would be fairly evenly matched, but on land Japan has an overwhelming superiority of strength.

At Vladivostok the Russians are thousands of miles from re-enforcements and assistance, and could not possibly gather, within a reasonable time, more than 50,000 troops of varying quality to oppose the Japanese. Japan, on the other hand, has her armies already mobilized, and the whole of her military machinery in the most efficient working order. Her base of operations is only 600 miles from Vladivostok, and within a week she could invest that port with over 100,000 troops of the finest quality, veterans of the late war, and superior to the Russian forces in both equipment and intelligence. It is a fact recognized by experts that Vladivostok could not be captured by a naval force, but would succumb to a land attack from the rear, and the precedents of Port Arthur and Wei-hai-wei are sufficient proof that Japan is not unskilful at this class of operations.

Japan could undoubtedly deal a crushing blow at Russia before the latter could bring adequate re-enforcements from Europe, and without the assistance of England's coaling-stations these re-enforcements could not be brought at all. In any event, it would be folly for Russia to attempt an invasion of Japan; her whole military strength would be powerless to effect it; and Japan has no external possessions to lose save those she is now holding by force of arms pending their cession from China.

Consequently, though angry and desperate, Russia is in a peculiarly helpless position, and has at present to content herself with protests and vague menaces. She cannot frighten Japan except by threats of a European combined opposition, and this combination displays a decided reluctance to materialize. The Japanese are acute diplomatists, and are well aware that the Franco-Russian alliance is the offspring of isolation, not of inclination, and that as long as all the chestnuts in the fire are Russian ones, France or any other European power, will not seriously risk their fingers to pull them out.

Japan further knows well that England is deeply interested in the foiling of Russia's ambitious schemes, and will give her good-will and neutrality, if nothing else, in the present crisis. If England should be prepared to go a step further and form an alliance with Japan, the checkmate of Russia would be complete and permanent, and the far Eastern question would be settled forever. England would hold the seas and Japan would be invincible on land, and the coalition of the Great Britain of the West with the Great Britain of the far East would be an unassailable one. And such an alliance, I venture to say, would also be for the best interests of the civilized world. The whole of the vast Chinese Empire would be thrown open to unrestricted trade, and the markets of every nation would be benefited thereby, and none more so than those of the United States, whose geographical position is a peculiarly favorable one for tapping both Europe and Eastern Asia. ARTHUR H. LEE, Captain R.A.

A PEOPLE'S UNIVERSITY.

BY JNO. GILMER SPEED.

FOR several years past there has been made in New York a most interesting effort to enlarge the work of the public schools, so that persons beyond the usual age for attending classes should secure some benefits by an extension of their knowledge of science, art, history, and literature. This effort has been made by means of free public lectures, under the control of the officials of the public schools. The experiment has gone so far that it is now safe to say that it is entirely successful, while telling something of the scheme for the benefit of other communities in the country. It was in 1888 that the State Legislature passed an act authorizing the Board of Education of the city of New York to provide for a course of free lectures for working-men and working-women. Early in 1889 the course of lectures was begun, and in three months 186 lectures were given, the total attendance being 22,149, an average of 119 at each lecture. The subjects treated were physiology and hygiene, physics, travel, history, and political science, and the lectures were given in those parts of the city where the population was thickest. The next fall the lectures were resumed, and during the season 329 were given, the total attendance being 26,632, an average of 81. So far the lectures had been under the management of the Committee on Night Schools, and the experience showed that this form of instruction was not popular or entirely successful. The committee therefore wisely decided to have a superintendent for the course of lectures, and the services of Dr. Henry M. Leipziger were secured.

Dr. Leipziger, who had been himself a teacher and a lecturer, entered upon his work with characteristic zeal and energy, and though in his first season the number of lectures was reduced to 185, the attendance increased to 78,295, an average of 423. Dr. Leipziger secured as lecturers professors from Columbia and the College of the City of New York and the New York University, besides well-known scientists, travellers, and literary men, and where it was possible the lectures were illustrated with stereopticon views. Here are some of the subjects given in this course: "Every-day Accidents, and how to meet them"; "How to breathe"; "How to take care of the Eyes and Ears"; "Fire and Water"; "Light and Color"; "Wonders of the Heavens"; "Practical Electricity";

DR. HENRY M. LEIPZIGER.

"How Worlds are made"; "India"; "Cañons of the Colorado"; "Glimpses of the Arctic Regions"; "City of Mexico"; "Benjamin Franklin"; "Abraham Lincoln"; "Napoleon"; "Money, and how to make it"; "Survey of Architecture," and so on.

Though it was Dr. Leipziger's purpose to arouse the interest of the people, he rejected the notion of merely furnishing them amusement in the form of humorous lectures. Besides, it was doubtful whether he could have afforded the expense of "funny men," who come rather high. He could only pay $10 for each lecture. For this small fee he was able to secure the services of accomplished specialists, who counted the good that they might do as some recompense for their time and labor. In this season of lectures they were not given in courses, yet a correlation between many of the subjects was established. Some of the school buildings did not have adequate assembly-halls to accommodate all who desired to attend, so before the next course began the Legislature amended the act and empowered the Board of Education to hire halls where they were needed. This season, 1891-2, 287 lectures were given, with a total attendance of 122,243, an average of 426. The character of the lectures this season was quite the same as the year before, except that there was more instruction in American history. Such subjects were decidedly more popular. The next season the attendance was 130,830 at 330 lectures, which included a course on the nature and prevention of cholera, by well-known physicians.

The attendance during the next course was remarkable. It had been expected that in the previous course the maximum of attendance had been reached, but the figures then reached were exceeded in 1893-4 by 39,538, as there was a total attendance of 170,368 persons at 383 lectures, an average of 444. In many cases the lecture-rooms were filled to overflowing a quarter of an hour before the commencement of the lecture, and many applicants had to be refused admission for lack of room; and even in severe weather large audiences greeted the lecturers. When scientific subjects were treated, it is interesting to note, there were more men than women present; when other subjects were discussed, the men and women were about equal.

In the season that ended in April, Dr. Leipziger has been able to carry out to a certain extent the aim that he has had from the beginning—of presenting the lectures in courses. Among others, this course was given: Architecture (illustrated by stereopticon views), by Professor Hamlin, of Columbia Collecture; a course of four lectures on these subjects: 1, "The Egyptian Temple—Karnak"; 2, "The Greek Temple—The Parthenon"; 3, "The Roman Temple—The Pantheon"; 4, "The Mediæval Cathedral—Notre Dame de Paris." These lectures were delivered at Seventieth Street and First Avenue, which is the heart of the Bohemian quarter of New York—not the literary, but the actual Bohemian quarter. To get to the lecture-hall sixty-five steps had to be climbed, and then the men and women were obliged to sit on seats built for little boys. And yet here was the attendance: 490 to hear about the Egyptian Temple, 493 to hear of the Greek, 401 to hear of the Roman, and 447 to hear of the Cathedral of Notre Dame. A syllabus of this lecture was distributed in the audience, together with a list of books of reference to be had at the free circulating libraries. This syllabus and list of reference are not made in a haphazard way, but with thoroughness, so that an attendant at any of these lectures may follow up the subject and acquire as much information as the receptivity of the individual permits.

Here is another course of three lectures, on "Popular Government in America," delivered by Professor Henry P. Johnston, and a list of the books of reference for each lecture: 1. "Popular Government in Colonial Times." Books: Henry C. Lodge—*Short History of the English Colonies in America;* R. G. Thwaites—*Epochs of American History—The Colonies;* R. Frothingham—*Rise of the Republic of the United States;* G. Bancroft—*History of the United States.* 2. "Popular Government and the Struggle for Independence and the Constitution." Books: G. W. Greene—*Historical View of the American Revolution;* J. Fiske—*Critical Period of American History;* J. T. Morse—*Life of Alexander Hamilton;* Joseph Story—*Commentaries on the Constitution;* W. Irving—*Life of Washington.* 3. "Popular Government in our National Period." Books: James Schouler—*History of the United States under the Constitution;* J. B. McMaster—*History of the People of the United States from the Revolution to the Civil War;* G. T. Curtis—*Life of Webster;* H. J. Raymond—*History of the Administration of President Lincoln.*

Many more books than these could have been added to these lists, but Dr. Leipziger has confined his recommendations to those books which may be had at the free circulating libraries. No man, however, could very well read the books recommended without broadening his comprehension of our government and its functions, and without becoming, by reason of the knowledge gained, a better and a more useful citizen. Now and again we hear the study of American history recommended because of the great foreign population in the United States. The foreign-born are not the only citizens who are ignorant of American history, and misinformed as to the real nature of our general government and the relations of States, counties, and municipalities to one another.

During the same season Mr. Henry W. Raymond delivered a course of three lectures on the "American Navy"; Professor Max Osterberg a course of four lectures on "Electricity and Magnetism"; Professor W. H. Goodyear three lectures on "The Debt of the Nineteenth Century to Egypt, Greece, and Rome"; President Seth Low lectured on "George Washington"; Professor Felix Adler on "Sir John More"; Mr. Noah Brooks on "Abraham Lincoln"; Professor H. H. Boyesen on "Goethe"; Dr. Leipziger on "Benjamin Franklin"; and Miss Ida Benfey condensed three famous novels, telling the stories and reciting dramatic passages of *Adam Bede, Les Misérables,* and *A Tale of Two Cities.* This season was even more successful than any that preceded it, as there was a total attendance of 224,118 at 547 lectures, an average of 409.

The trustees of Cooper Union, having noted the success of these free lectures, put Cooper Union at the disposal of the superintendent of the course, and twenty lectures were delivered there, the expenses of which were paid by the trustees. So also two lectures were held in the American Museum of Natural History, and 750 persons on one evening, and 825 another, listened to Professor Bicmore talk about Forestry. Both of these places will be at the disposal of Dr. Leipziger next season, when he proposes to extend still further the idea of having the lectures in courses, so that a subject may be studied with some thoroughness. His ambition is to make these lectures a university of the people, and their growth in popularity encourages him to believe that he is now in the right road. It may be that other cities will be glad to imitate the example of the New York educators; if so, there can be little doubt that the local specialists, as well as the men of general learning, will be glad to give their time as lecturers.

POETRY.

POETRY? Can I define it, you inquire?
Yea; by your pleasure,
Poetry is Thought, in princeliest attire,
Treading a measure.

DUFFIELD OSBORNE.

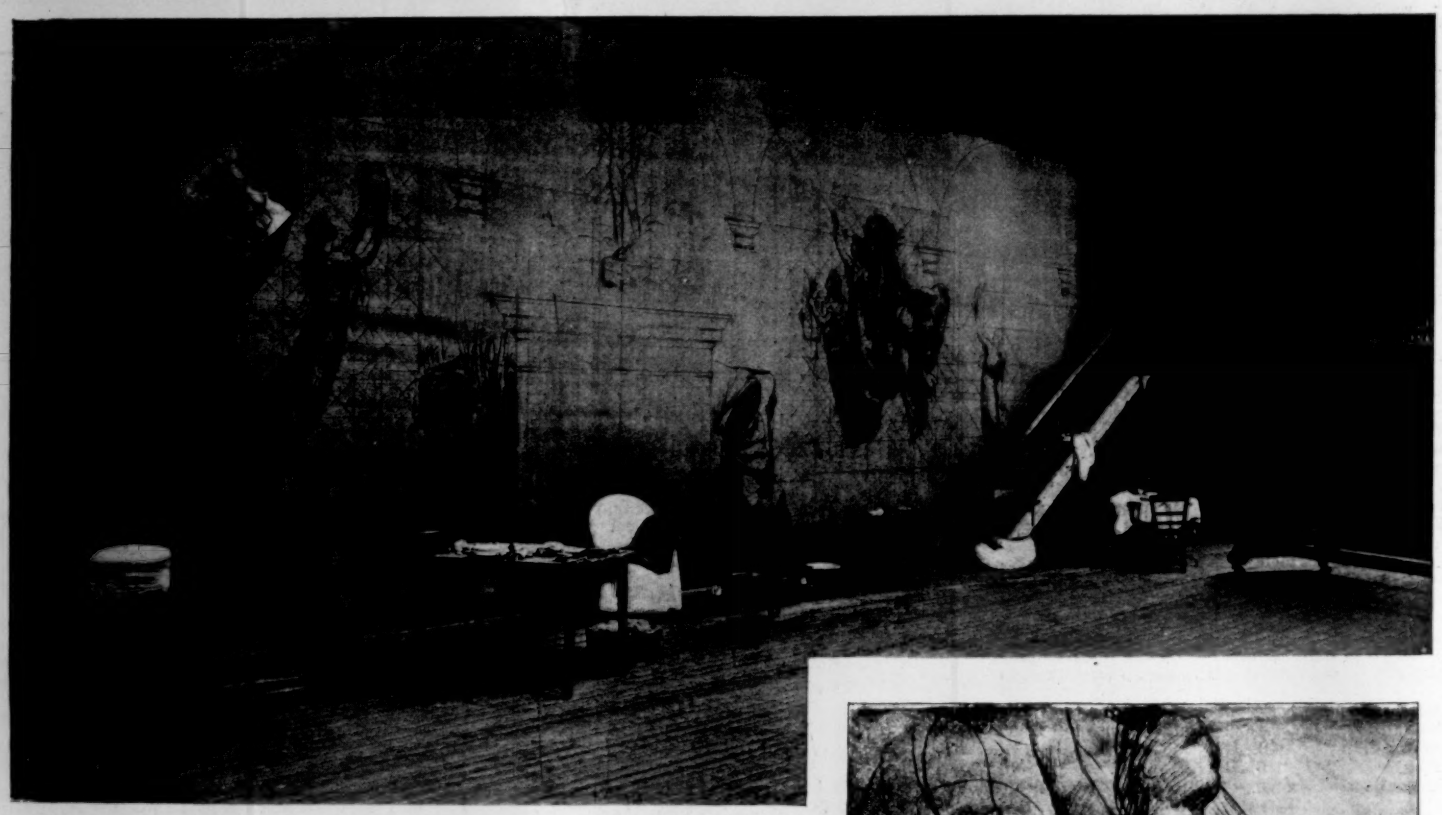
M. PUVIS DE CHAVANNES'S PANEL FOR THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.

ONE of the most important works exhibited at the Salon of the Champ de Mars this year is the large panel executed by M. Puvis de Chavannes for the grand stairway of the Boston Public Library, representing the Muses greeting the Genius of Enlightenment. This panel, which is about fifty-nine feet long by thirty-two high, was finished only a few days before the opening of the Salon, on April 25th.

According to the judgment of all the French artists and of the most competent critics, the eminent president of the French National Society of the Fine Arts has never painted a more splendid or more harmonious work. The composition is divided in the upper part into five high arches, to correspond to those on the wall where it will be placed. In the centre of the lower part the panel is interrupted by the frame of a door, over which it is to be set in the stairway of the Library. The artist has made the most of these architectural requirements. His foreground consists of the turfy summit of a cliff, beyond which the eye perceives the open sea. Interspersed here and there in the greensward are heather and oak plants, while the crest of the cliff is bordered with a transparent curtain of young trees, the light contours of which stand clearly out upon the cerulean mass of the ocean.

In the centre of the composition a naked youth, representing the Genius of Enlightenment, with extended wings, rests upon clouds, his outstretched hands holding rays of light. To the right and left the yellowish-white sky, studded with opaline gleams, dominates the deep blue sea. In the distant horizon, projecting their noble forms upon the pale gold sky, the Nine Muses, chastely draped, rise from both sides of the grassy turf, tuning their lyres and offering palms to the Genius. Some of the Muses take their flight from the soil; others float upon the azure with a graceful unrestraint, like divine butterflies, their white draperies loosely adjusted. One of these Muses, at the left, is exquisite. Raising gently the long veil that covered her sleeping head, she awakes, and mounts straight in the heavens, as though impelled by an unknown force.

The door-frame occupies the centre of the turf, and at each side is an allegorical figure, two statues representing Contemplation and Study, who mount guard at both sides



INTERIOR OF STUDIO AT NEUILLY, SHOWING PANEL IN COURSE OF EXECUTION.

of the door, and form a natural transition between the ideal landscape and the reality. The first figure is meditative and thoughtful; the other fixes her regard upon a book that she holds open upon her knees.

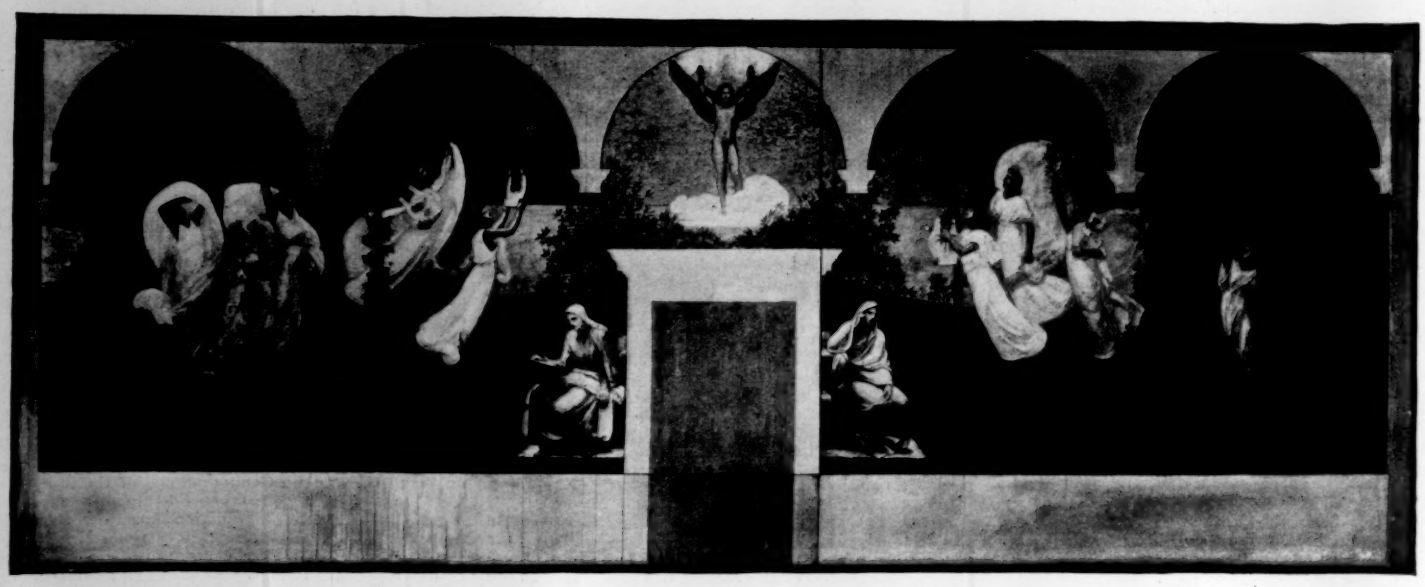
At the same time, as giving a special authorization for the reproduction of his panel, M. Puvis de Chavannes has allowed us to publish an illustration of his studies, showing the composition for the Boston Public Library in course of execution, and also the sketch made as the model for one of the Muses. This panel, we may remark, has been painted in four months, without any aid whatever. Add to this about eight months of time for preparing the sketches, and we have a year as representing the entire period taken by the artist for this important work.

M. Puvis de Chavannes's studio is situated in one of the large avenues cut out of the old Neuilly Park, close to Paris, where he has as neighbors M. Guillaume Dubufe and M. Munkacsy, who have special studios in this locality for their large paintings. In entering the vast studio of M. Puvis de Chavannes you seem to be in a cathedral, the place having the same enormous dimensions, the same religious silence, and the same bare walls ornamented with paintings at stated intervals. The studio is scrupulously neat. M. Puvis de Chavannes lives in the Place Pigalle, in Paris, where he has occupied the same apartment and studio for the past forty-two years. But he never works in his Paris studio. Up at eight o'clock in the morning, he takes a cup of tea while making his toilet. As soon as he is dressed he starts out, and goes on foot, whatever the season or the weather be, to his studio at Neuilly. It is a walk of nearly an hour. As soon as the artist arrives he takes off his coat, puts on a linen jacket in summer and two in winter, and begins his labor. At half past twelve his servant brings him a beefsteak or some eggs, which she places upon a small round table. It requires only a few minutes for the artist to despatch this frugal meal, after which he again sets to work, and continues until nightfall. Then he returns to the Place Pigalle on foot and dines substantially.

M. Puvis de Chavannes's method of work is first to compose a small sketch of the plan as he has conceived it, and next to study the figures one by one. Sometimes he indicates the movement of a figure in a small clay model, which he makes himself. Afterwards he draws the figures in their definite dimensions upon paper in charcoal or in red chalk. When these studies are finished he transfers the drawings upon the canvas and begins to paint. The canvas that is herewith reproduced in the artist's studio is one upon which M. Puvis de Chavannes had already begun to transfer the drawings for the Boston panel; but finding certain faults of equilibrium in the grouping of the different personages, he began a new canvas rather than correct the first one.

M. Puvis de Chavannes, we may recall in conclusion, was born at Lyons in 1824, where his father was a mining engineer. Having often occasion to visit some of his kindred in the neighboring department of the Sâone-et-Loire, he frequently met Lamartine, for whom his veneration is unbounded. After a journey in Italy with one of his friends, in 1848, M. Puvis de Chavannes settled in Paris and took lessons of Delacroix, and afterwards of Couture. His first painting, a Pietà, was exhibited at the Salon of 1860, and he has never since failed to be represented at each recurring Salon. When the Society of French Artists became divided, in 1890, and a part of the old organization formed the National Society, M. Puvis de Chavannes was elected vice-president; he succeeded to the presidency at Meissonier's death, four years ago.

STUDY FOR ONE OF THE FIGURES.



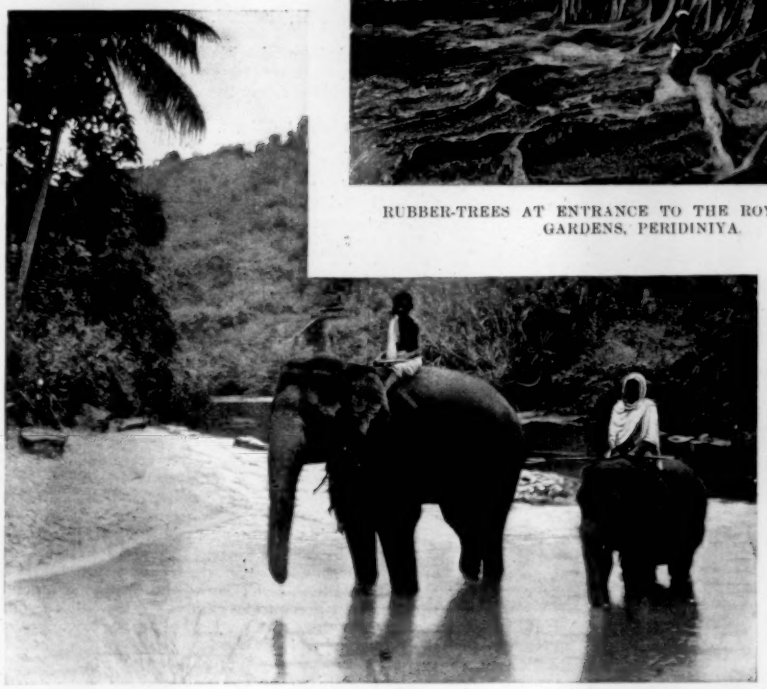
THE COMPLETED DESIGN

M. PUVIS DE CHAVANNES'S PANEL FOR THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.

WATER-BUFFALO.

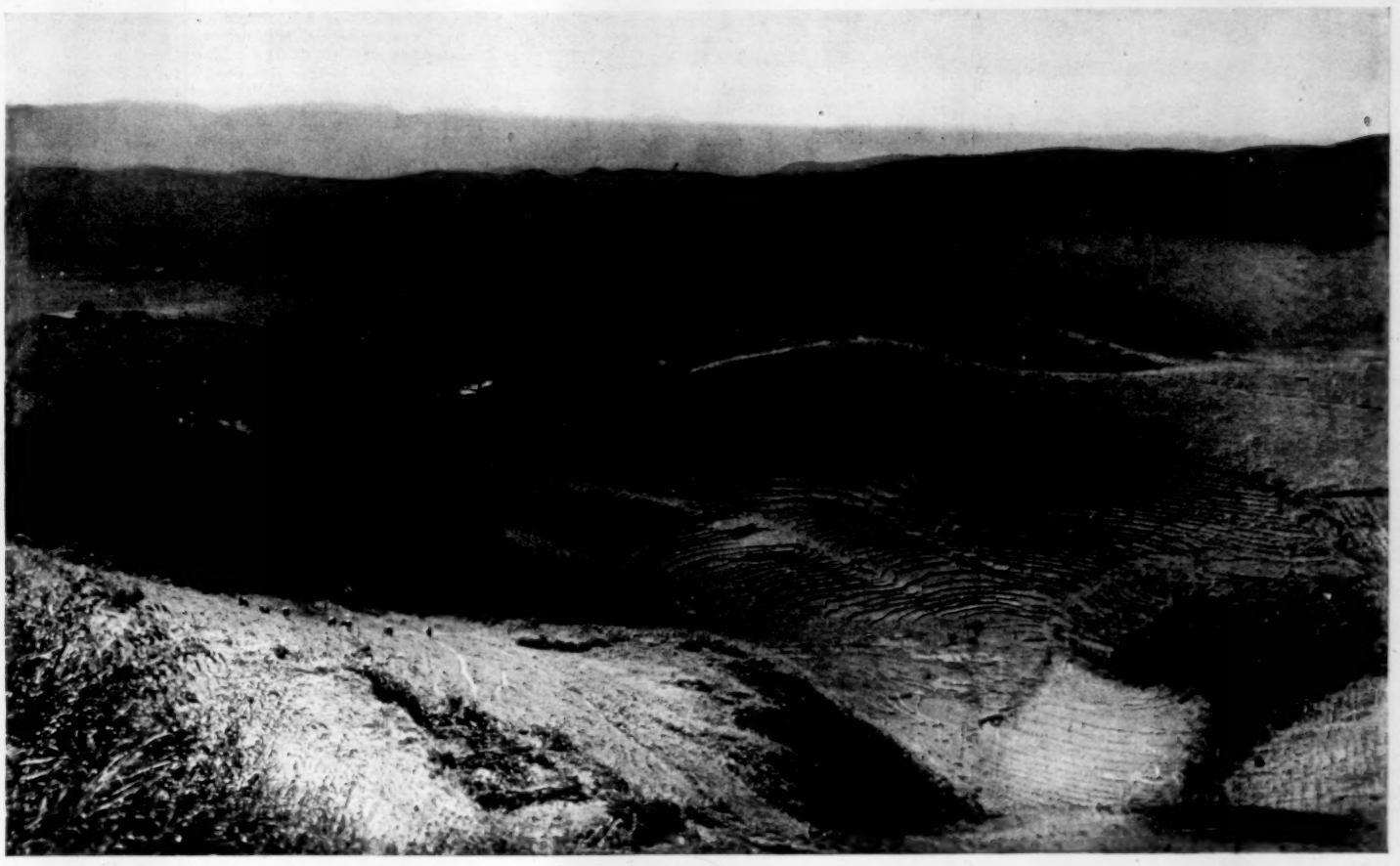
BRIDGE OF SATINWOOD ACROSS THE MAHAVALLE GANGE NEAR KANDY.

RUBBER-TREES AT ENTRANCE TO THE ROYAL BOTANICAL GARDENS, PERIDINIYA.



ELEPHANTS IN THE NAUN OYA, PERIDINIYA.

TAMIL WOMEN AT WELL, MARIAWALTA TEA ESTATE.



PADDY (RICE) FIELDS NEAR BANDERAWELLA.

WITH THE WORLD'S TRANSPORTATION COMMISSION IN CEYLON.—Photographs by W. H. Jackson.—[See Page 465.]

THE RED COCKADE.*

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

CHAPTER XX.

THE SEARCH.

I HAD not seen Louis since the day of the duel at Cahors, when, parting from him at the door in the passage by the Cathedral, I had refused to take his hand, and then I had been sorely angry with him. But time and old memories and crowding events had long softened the feeling, and in the joy of meeting him again, of finding him in this unexpected stranger, nothing was farther from my thoughts than to rake up old grudges. I held out my hand with a laughing word. "Voilà l'Inconnu, monsieur!" I said, with a bow. "I am here to find you, and I find you."

He stared at me a moment in the utmost astonishment, and then impulsively grasped my hand and held it, and stood looking at me with the old affection in his eyes. "Adrien! Adrien!" he said, much moved. "Is it really you?"

"Even so, monsieur."

"And here?"

"Here," I said.

But then, to my astonishment, he slowly dropped my hand, and his manner and his face changed. "I am sorry for it," he said, slowly. And then, with an unmistakable flash of anger: "My God, monsieur! Why have you come?" he cried.

"Why have I come?"

"Ay, why?" he answered, bitterly. "Why? Why have you come to trouble us? You do not know what evil you are doing! You do not know!"

"I know at least what good I am seeking," I answered, purely astounded by his sudden and inexplicable change. "I have made no secret of it, and I make no secret of it now. No man was ever worse treated than I have been by your family. Your attitude now impels me to say that. But when I see Madame la Marquise to-morrow I shall tell her that it will take more than this to change me. I shall tell her—"

"You will not see her!" he answered.

"But I shall!"

"You will not!" he retorted.

Before I could answer, Madame Catinot interposed. "Oh, no more!" she cried, in a voice which sufficiently evinced her distress. "I thought that you and he were friends, M. Louis, and now—now that fortune has brought you together again—"

"Would to Heaven it had not!" he cried, like a man in despair. And he took a turn this way and that on the floor.

She looked at him. "I do not think that you have ever spoken to me in that tone before, monsieur," she said, in a tone of keen reproach. "If it is due—if, I mean," she continued, quietly, but with a sparkling eye, "it is because you found M. le Vicomte with me, you infer something unworthy of us—you insult me as well as your friend."

"Heaven forbid!"

"That is not enough," she answered, firmly and proudly. "For one week more this is my house, M. Louis. After that it will be yours. Perhaps then—perhaps then," she continued, with a pitiful break in her voice, "I shall think of to-night, and wonder I took no warning! Perhaps then, monsieur, a word of kindness from you may be as rare as a rough word now!"

"'NO, MONSIEUR,' HE SAID. 'I DO NOT KNOW THE GENTLEMAN.'"

He was not proof against that and the sadness in her voice. He threw himself on his knees before her and seized her hands. "Madame! Catherine! forgive me!" he cried, passionately, kissing her hands again and again, and taking no heed of me at all. "Forgive me! I am miserable! You are my only comfort, my only compensation. I do not know, since I saw him, what I am saying. Forgive me!"

"I do! I do!" she said, hastily. "Rise, monsieur!" and she furtively wiped away a tear, then looked at me, blushing but happy. "I do," she continued. "But, mon cher, I do not understand you. The other day you spoke so kindly of M. de Saux, and of—pardon me—your sister, and of other things. To-day M. de Saux is here, and you are unhappy."

"I am! I am!" he said, casting a haggard, miserable look at me.

I shrugged my shoulders and spoke up. "So be it," I said, proudly. "But because I have lost a friend, monsieur, it does not follow that I need lose a mistress. I have come to Nîmes to win Mademoiselle de St. Alais's hand. I shall not leave until I have won it."

"This is sheer madness!" he said, with a groan.

"Why?"

"Because you talk of the impossible," he answered. "Because Madame de St. Alais is not at Nîmes—for you."

"She is at Nîmes!"

"You will have to find her."

"Why," I exclaimed, "this is childishness! Do you mean to say that at the first hotel I enter I shall not be told where madame has her lodging."

"Neither at the first nor at the last."

"She is in retreat?"

"I shall not tell you."

And with that we stood facing one another, Madame Catinot watching us a little aside. Clearly the events of the last few months, which had so changed, so hardened Madame St. Alais, had not been lost on Louis. I could fancy, as I confronted him, that it was M. le Marquis, the elder and not the younger brother, who withstood me—only—only from under Louis's mask of defiance there peeped, I still fancied, the old Louis's face, doubting and miserable.

I tried that chord. "Come," I said, making an effort to swallow my wrath and speak reasonably; "I think that you are not in earnest, M. le Comte, in what you say, and that we are both heated. Time was when we agreed well enough, and you were not unwilling to have me for your brother-in-law. Are we, because of these miserable differences—"

"Differences!" he cried, interrupting me harshly. "My mother's house in Cahors is an empty shell. My brother's house at St. Alais is a heap of ashes. And you talk of differences!"

"Well, call them what you like!"

"Besides," Madame Catinot interposed, quickly—"pardon me, monsieur—besides, M. St. Alais, you know our need of converts. M. le Vicomte is a gentleman, and a man of sense and religion. It needs but a little—a very little," she continued, smiling faintly at me, "to persuade him. And if your sister's hand would do that little, and madame were agreeable?"

"He could not have it!" he answered, sullenly, looking away from me.

"But a week ago," Madame Catinot answered, in a startled tone, "you told me—"

"A week ago is not now," he said. "For the rest, I have only this to say: I am sorry to see you here, M. le Vicomte, and I beg you to return. You can do no good, and you may do and suffer harm. By no possibility can you gain what you seek."

"That remains to be seen!" I answered, stubbornly, roused in my turn. "And to begin with, since you say that I cannot find mademoiselle, I shall adopt a very simple plan. I shall wait here until you leave, monsieur, and then accompany you home."

"You will not!" he said.

"You may depend upon it I shall!" I answered, defiantly. But madame interposed.

"No, M. de Saux," she said, with dignity. "You will not do that; I am sure that you will not; it would be an abuse of my hospitality."

"If you forbid it?"

"I do," she answered.

"Then, madame, I cannot," I replied. "But—"

"But nothing! Let there be a truce now, if you please," she said, firmly. "If it is to be war between you, it shall not begin here. I think, too—I think that I had better ask you to retire," she continued, with an appealing glance at me.

I looked at Louis. But he had turned away, and affected to ignore me. And on that I succumbed. It was impossible to answer madame when she spoke to me in that way; and equally impossible to remain in the house against her will. I bowed, therefore, in silence; and with the best grace I could, though I was sore and angry, I took my cloak and hat, which I had laid on a chair.

"I am sorry," madame said, kindly. And she held out her hand.

I raised it to my lips. "To-morrow—at twelve—here!" she breathed.

I started. I rather guessed than heard the words, but her eyes made up for the lack of sound, and I understood. The next moment she turned from me, and with a last reluctant glance at Louis, who still had his back to me, I went out.

The man who had admitted me was in the hall. "You will find your horse at the Louvre, monsieur," he said, as he opened the door.

I rewarded him, and going out, without a thought where I was going, walked along the street, plunged in reflection, until, marching on blindly, I came against a man. That awoke me, and I looked round. I had been in the house little more than three hours, and in Nîmes scarcely longer, yet so much had happened in the time that it seemed strange to me to find the streets unfamiliar, to find myself alone in them, at a loss which way to turn. Though it was hard on ten o'clock, and only a swaying lantern here and there made a ring of smoky light at the meeting of four ways, there were numbers of people still abroad; a few standing, but the majority going one way, the men with cloaks about their necks, the women with muffled heads.

Feeling the necessity, since I must get myself a lodging, of putting away for the moment my one absorbing thought—the question of Louis's behavior—I stopped a man who was not going with the stream, and asking him the way to the Hôtel de Louvre, learned not only that, but the cause of the concourse.

"There has been a procession," he said, gruffly. "I should have thought that you would have known that!" he added, with a glance at my hat. And he turned on his heel.

I remembered the red cockade I wore, and, before I went further, paused to take it out. As I moved on again, a man came up quickly behind me, and, as he passed, thrust a paper into my hand. Before I could speak he was gone, but the incident and the bustle of the streets, strange at this late hour, helped to divert my thoughts; and I was not surprised when, on reaching the inn, I was told that every room was full.

"My horse is here," I said, thinking that the landlord, seeing me walk in, on foot, might distrust the weight of my purse."

"Yes, monsieur; and if you like you can lie in the eating-room," he answered, very civilly. "You are welcome, and you will do no better elsewhere. It is as if the fair were on at Beaucaire. The city is full of strangers. Almost as full as it is of those things," he continued, querulously, and he pointed to the paper in my hand.

I looked at it, and saw that it was a manifesto headed: "*Sacrilege! Mary Weeps!*" "It was thrust into my hand a minute ago," I said.

"To be sure," he answered. "One morning we got up and found the walls white with them. Another day they were flying loose about the streets."

"Do you know," I asked, seeing that he had been supping, and was inclined to talk, where the Marquis de St. Alais is living?"

"No, monsieur," he said. "I do not know the gentleman."

"But he is here with his family."

"Who is not here?" he answered, shrugging his shoulders. Then, in a lower tone, "Is he red, or—or the other thing, monsieur?"

"Red," I said, boldly.

"Ah! Well, there have been two or three gentlemen going to and fro between our M. Froment and Turin and Montpellier. It is said that our Mayor would have arrested them long ago if he had done his duty. But he is red too, and most of the Councillors. And I don't know, for I take no side. Perhaps the gentleman you want is one of these?"

"Very likely," I said. "So M. Froment is here?"

"Monsieur knows him?"

"Yes," I said, dryly. "A little."

"Well, he is here, or he is not," the landlord answered, shaking his head. "It is impossible to say."

"Why?" I asked. "Does he not live here?"

"Yes, he lives here; at the Porte d'Auguste, on the old wall near Capuchins. But—" he looked round, and then continued, very seriously, "he goes out where he has never gone in, monsieur! And he has a house in the Amphitheatre, and it is the same there. And some say that the Capuchins is only another house of his. And if you go to the Cabaret de la Vierge and give his name—you pay nothing."

He said this with many nods; and then seemed on a sudden to think that he had said too much, and hurried away. I learned that M. de Géol and Buton, failing to get a room there, had gone to the Écu de France; but I was not very sorry to be rid of them for the time, and accepting the host's offer, I went to the eating-room, and there made myself as comfortable as two hard chairs and the excitement of my thoughts permitted.

The one thing, the one subject, that absorbed me was Louis's behavior. I traced it through all its changes. He had been glad to see me; his hand had leaped to meet mine; I had read the old affection in his eyes; and then—then on a sudden he had frozen into surly, churlish antagonism—an antagonism that had taken Madame Catinot by surprise, and was not without a touch of remorse, almost of horror! It could not be that *she* was dead! It could not be that Denise—no, my mind failed to entertain it. But I rose, trembling at the thought, and paced the room until daylight, listening to the watchman's cry, and the mournful hours, and the occasional rush of hurrying feet, that spoke of the perturbed city. What to me were Froment, or the red or the white or the tricolor, veto or no veto, Endowment or Disendowment, in comparison of that?

The house stirred at last, but I had still to wait till noon before I could see Madame Catinot. I spent the interval in an aimless walk through the town. At another time it must have filled me with wonder; at another time the hoary, gloomy ring of the Arènes, rising in tiers of frowning arches high above the squalid roofs that leaned against it, and choked within by a Ghetto of the like, huddled where prefects once sat and an emperor's colors flew victorious round the circle, must have won my admiration by its vastness; the Maison Carrée by its fair proportions; the streets by the swarthy crowds that filled them and stood about the cabarets and read the placards on the walls. But I had only thought for Louis and my love and the lagging minutes. At the first stroke of twelve I knocked at Madame Catinot's door; the last saw me in her presence.

It needed but a look at her face and my heart sank; the thanks I was uttering died on my lips. She was agitated, and for a moment we were both silent.

At last, "I see that you have bad news for me, madame," I said, striving to smile and bear myself bravely.

"The worst, I fear," she said, pitifully, smoothing her skirt. "For I have none, monsieur."

"Yet I have heard it said that no news is good news," I said, wondering.

Her lip trembled, but she did not look at me.

"Come, madame," I persisted, though I was sick at heart. "Surely you are going to tell me more than that? At least you can tell me where I can see Madame St. Alais."

"I cannot tell you," she said, in a low voice.

"Nor why M. Louis has so suddenly become hostile to me?"

"No, monsieur, nor that. And I beg, as you are a gentleman," she continued, hurriedly, "that you will spare me questions. I thought that I could help you, and I asked you to see me to-day. I find that I can only give you pain."

"And that is all, madame?"

"That is all," she said, with a gesture that told more than her words.

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1985.

I looked round the silent room. I walked half-way to the door; and then I turned back. I could not go. "No!" I cried, vehemently; "I will not go so! What is it you have learned that has closed your lips, madame? What are they plotting against her—that you fear to tell me? Speak, madame! You did not bring me here to hear this! That I know."

But she only looked at me, her face full of reproach. "Monsieur," she said, "I meant kindly. Is this my reward?"

And that was too much for me. I turned, without a word, and went out.

But outside I felt like a child in darkness on whom the one door leading to life and liberty has closed as his hand touched it. I felt a dead, numbing disappointment that at any moment might develop into sharp pain. This change in Madame Catinot, resembling so exactly the change in Louis St. Alais—what could be the cause of it? What had been revealed to her? What was the mystery, the plot, the danger, that made them all turn from me as if I had the plague?

For a while I was in the depths of despair. Then the warm sunshine that filled the streets and spoke of coming summer kindled lighter thoughts. After all, it could not be hard to find a person in Nimes. I had soon found M. Louis. And this was the eighteenth century and not the sixteenth. Women were no longer exposed to the pressure that had once been brought to bear on them, nor men to the violence natural in old feuds.

And then—as I thought that—I heard a noise burst into the street behind me, a roar of voices and a sudden trampling of hundreds of feet; and turning, I saw a dense press of men coming towards me, waving aloft blue banners and crucifixes and flags with the Five Wounds. Some were singing and some shouting; all were brandishing clubs and weapons. They came along at a good pace, filling the street from wall to wall, and to avoid them I stepped into an archway that opportunely presented itself.

They came up and swept past me with deafening shouting. It was difficult to see more than waving arms and staves and swart excited faces; but through a break in the ranks I caught a glimpse of three men walking in the heart of the crowd, quiet themselves, but the cause and centre of all; and the middle man of the three was Froment. One of the others wore a cassock, and the third had a reckless air, and a hat cocked in the military fashion. So much I saw, then only rank upon rank of hurrying, shouting men. After them again three or four hundred of the scum of the city, beggars and broken rascals and homeless men.

As I turned from staring after them I found a man at my elbow—by a strange coincidence, the very same man who, the night before, had directed me to the Hôtel de Louvre. I asked him if that was not M. Froment.

"Yes," he said, with a sneer. "And his brother."

"Oh, his brother! What is his name, monsieur?"

"Bully Froment, some call him."

"And what are they going to do?"

"Groan outside a Protestant church to-day," he answered, pithily. "And to-morrow break the windows. The next day, or as soon as they can get their courage to the sticking-point, fire on the worshippers, and call in the garrison from Montpellier. After that the refugees from Turin will come; we shall be in revolt, and there will be dragoonings. And then—if the Cevennols don't step in—monsieur will see strange things."

"But the Mayor?" I said. "And the National Guards? Will they suffer it?"

"The first is red," the man answered, curtly. "And two-thirds of the last. Monsieur will see."

And nodding coolly, he went on his way. I stood a moment looking idly after the procession. Then, on a sudden, as I stood, it occurred to me that where Froment was the St. Alais might be, and snatching at the idea, wondering hugely that I had not had it before, I started eagerly in pursuit. The last broken wave of the crowd was still visible, eddying round a distant corner, and even after that disappeared it was easy to trace the course it had taken by closed shutters and scared faces peeping from windows. I heard the mob stop once and groan and howl; but before I came up it was on again, and when I at last overtook it, where one of the streets, before narrowing to an old gateway, opened out into a little square, with high dingy buildings on this side and that, and a mesh-work of alleys running into it, the nucleus of the crowd had vanished, and the fringe was melting this way and that.

My aim was Froment, and I had missed him. But I was at a loss only for a moment, for as I stood and scanned the people trooping back into the town, my eye alighted on a lean figure, with stooping head and a scanty cassock, that hung a moment striving to pass athwart the crowd. It needed a glance only; then, with a cry of joy, I was through the press and at the man's side.

It was Father Benoît. For a moment we could not speak. Then, as we looked at one another, the first hasty, joyful words spoken, I saw the very expression of dismay, almost of horror, which I had read on Louis St. Alais's face, dawn on his! He muttered, "Oh, mon Dieu! mon Dieu!" under his breath, and wrung his hands stealthily.

But I was sick of this mystery, and I said so in hot words. "You, at any rate, shall tell me, father!" I cried, recklessly.

Two or three of the passers-by heard me and looked at us curiously. He drew me at that into a doorway; but still a man stood peering in at us. "Come up stairs," the father muttered; "we shall be quiet there"; and he led the way up a stone staircase, ancient and sordid, serving many and cleaned by none.

"Do you live here?" I said.

"Yes," he answered, and then stopped short, and turned to me with an air of confusion. "But it is a poor place, M. le Vicomte," he continued, "and perhaps we should be wise to go—"

"No, no!" I said, burning with impatience. "To your room, man! To your room, if you live here! I cannot wait. I have found you, and I will not let another minute pass before I have learned the truth."

He still hesitated, and even began to mutter another objection, but I had only mind for one thing, and giving way to me, he preceded me slowly to the top of the house, where under the tiles he had a little room, with a mattress and a chair, two or three books, and a crucifix. A small square dormer-window admitted the light—and something else; for as we entered, a pigeon rose from the floor, and flew out by it.

"THEY CAME ALONG AT A GOOD PACE, FILLING THE STREET FROM WALL TO WALL."

He uttered an exclamation of annoyance, and explained that he fed them sometimes. "They are company," he said, sadly. "And I have found little here."

"Yet you came here of your own accord," I retorted, brutally. I was choking with anxiety, and it took that form.

"Yes, to lose one more illusion," he answered, meekly. "For years—you know it, M. le Vicomte—I looked forward to reform, to liberty, to freedom. And I taught others to look forward also. Well, we gained these, and the first use the people made of their liberty was to attack religion. Then I came here, because I was told that here the defenders of the Church would make a stand—that here the Church was strong. I came to gain a little hope from others' hope. And I find pretended miracles, I find imposture, I find lies and trickery and chicanery used on one side and the other. And violence everywhere."

"Then, in Heaven's name, man, why did you not go home again?" I cried, irritably.

"I was going a week ago," he answered. "And then I did not go. And—"

"Never mind that now!" I cried, harshly. "It is not that I want. I have seen Louis St. Alais, and I know that there is something amiss. He will not face me. He will not tell me where madame is. He will have nothing to do with me. He looks at me as if I were a death's-head! Now what is it? You know, and I must know. Tell me."

"Mon Dieu!" he answered, looking at me with tears in his eyes. "I feared this."

"Feared what? Feared what?" I cried.

"That your heart was in it, M. le Vicomte."

"In what? In what? Speak plainly, man."

"Mademoiselle de St. Alais's—engagement," he said.

I stood a moment staring at him. "Her engagement?" I whispered. "To whom?"

"To M. Froment," he answered.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A CRITIC'S COMPLAINT.

THE critic sat beneath a breezy tree
  By spring's fair fingers to a snow-drift wrought;
  Upon the bough a bluebird, rapture fraught,
Poured forth a strain of joyful minstrelsy.
The critic drew his pencil out care free
  All from sheer force of habit, when he caught
  The ripple of the notes, his only thought
Being of the song's artistic quality.
"It is inconsequential on the whole,"
  He wrote, "and alien quite to music's laws;
'Tis strident and metallic, and, therefore,
'Tis cold and flat and all devoid of soul
  And not original or new because
  I've heard the thing a thousand times before."

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

AROUND THE WORLD

WITH THE TRANSPORTATION COMMISSION OF THE FIELD COLUMBIAN MUSEUM

CEYLON.

THE island of Ceylon has had a long and checkered history, more of which may be found embalmed to-day in its ruined remains than in the writings of all its chroniclers. In the most ancient maps of the old Alexandrian geographers may still be found an admirable sketch of the island of "Salike," the "Serendib" of the Middle Ages and the Ceylon of our own time. Further back still, it was here that the "Tarshish" lay from which the ships of Solomon brought the scented woods, the apes, and the peacocks, and introduced them to the countries bordering on the Mediterranean by the very names they had borne in their original birthplace. Lying as the southern outpost of India, it was known to the early navigators of the East as far back as the misty records of Eastern commerce carry the student of the past. Thus situated, the island and its people have naturally shared the advantages and experienced the penalties of the position through the centuries. Far back, in the very dawnings of civilization, the junks of China and the far East came here with silks and carried back the spices and precious stones of Ceylon with the manufactured goods of India in exchange. The island was evidently at that time far more populous than it is now, although its population to-day is probably at least double what it has been for hundreds of years. At that time its lands were cultivated over wide districts, especially in the northern districts of the island, that are now a far-spreading region of jungle, given up to wild animals, that wander over the ruined sites of great cities, and prowl round the shores of the great artificial lakes, which the kings of old Ceylon constructed as reservoirs for the supply of the irrigation channels, which have long since been choked with the luxuriant vegetation of the tropical jungle.

The old civilization of the island, indeed, is now little more than a heap of ruins, and the new Ceylon is separated from the old by a long period of stagnation and decay. In all periods of its history, the old and the new alike, the crown of mountainous country which occupies the middle district has been the most important to its prosperity and generally the most densely peopled. It was here that in prehistoric times all the great cities of Ceylon were built, and it was here that the great water tanks—the most

THE NAVAL BATTLE AT WEI-HAI-W

AI-WEI.—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.—[See Page 472.]

"The Japanese waited until the moon had gone down, when fifteen boats slipped away from the fleet towards the east entrance of the harbor. The boats gradually crept towards the Chinese ironclads. These were all under cover of the island forts. One of the Japanese torpedo-boats, approaching the 'Ting-yuen,' fired two torpedoes. Both took effect, and the vessel sunk at once. Instantly all was in commotion in the harbor, but by this time all the other torpedo boats were close up. The ironclads and forts opened a wild fire, and the torpedo-boat which sank the 'Ting-yuen' was destroyed by a hail of shot, eight of her crew being drowned. Only one Japanese boat escaped entirely uninjured."—London Mail.

characteristic of the public works of the country—were constructed, from which the irrigation systems that fertilized the lower lands took their origin. And to-day it is in the hill country that the great tea and coffee planting industries are carried on which are giving a new prosperity to the beautiful island.

All parts of Ceylon are interesting, and all have much of that natural beauty which is inseparable from a rich soil and a climate in which heat and moisture alternately prevail. It is in the hill country, however, that nature is seen at her best, for there the element of variety comes in, which is wanting to some extent, it must be confessed, in the low-lying districts. The eye soon grows weary of sameness, even in beauty; and after a very few days of roads bordered by continuous forests of palm-trees, even when these are wreathed in flowers and climbers of the most gorgeous colors, one longs for a change even to something less lovely. In the hill country, in which we now are, there is no risk of sameness. Its general elevation is about two to three thousand feet above the sea-level, and this suffices to get rid of much of the dense tropical heat which makes the low country too trying for any but native constitutions.

All but one of our illustrations were taken in this district, the single exception being the view of the road leading through a low-lying rice-field, with its group of characteristic buffaloes moving lazily along or wallowing knee-deep in the swampy ground by the road-side. This shows what may be termed the natural rice-fields of the island, of which there are large extents in some parts of the coastal districts. The picture of paddy-fields near Banderawella shows the much more interesting form which rice-culture takes in the hill country, where it is necessarily the subject of irrigation. The terraces in the picture show the way in which the water supply is afforded to the growing grain by being allowed to run slowly from the higher to the lower levels. At the time when the picture was taken the crop of rice was newly sown, thus showing the terracing of the ground, which in a week or two would be entirely concealed by the growth of the crop.

Rice is the principal grain crop of the island; indeed, there is at least five times as much land occupied with this crop as with all other kinds of grain put together in Ceylon. Last year there were nearly 600,000 acres in rice—an extent only exceeded by that devoted to the culture of the cocoanut-palm, which occupied nearly 800,000 acres. These, with the bananas, bread-fruits, and other minor fruits of the island, constitute, it must be remembered, the food of the natives, who, being chiefly Buddhists in religion, take no life, and of course use no animal food whatever. Yet the natives, particularly in their youth, appear to be as strong and active on their simple diet of a few handfuls of rice and a little fruit, washed down by the unfailing liquid of the cocoa-nut, as they could be if fed on the stronger food of the West.

The little group at the well on the Mariawalta tea estate shows specimens of three of the Tamil race, with their characteristic clothing, with a background of bananas, while the elephants in the river pool at Peridiniya are ridden by two Singhalese.

The hill country is in many districts occupied by forests of the various native trees for which the island is celebrated. Of these few none are more interesting than the India-rubber trees, whose product is so well known to commerce. The fine group of these trees of which we give a picture form a sort of avenue leading to the entrance of the Royal Botanical Gardens at Peridiniya, not far from Kandy. They grow to a large size, some of the limbs being fifty or sixty feet long, and cover the ground for a distance nearly as wide as the spread of their branches with an interlaced mass of roots, sometimes standing five feet or more above the soil, so twisted as to have gained them their native name of snake-trees. Another native tree which flourishes in the hill district is the noble satinwood-tree of the country. This is not less useful than beautiful, as it is amongst the most durable as well as beautiful of timbers, and will endure for many years in exposed situations the test of the damp heat of the climate in a way that no foreign wood could possibly do. The bridge at the Mahavalle Gange, or river, near Kandy, is a good example of the value of this splendid timber. This bridge, which is on the main line of the road from the hills to the sea, and therefore, until the railway was constructed, carried all the traffic of the district, is built entirely of satinwood, every beam, plank, and even nail in the structure being of this wood, and not an ounce of metal having been used in building it. The bridge has now been in use for half a century, and its timber is apparently as sound to-day as when it was constructed.

The beautiful slopes of the Ceylon hills grow many other fine and valuable timbers. There are also on the lower slopes plantations of the cinchona-tree, cultivated for its bark, of which no less than five and a half millions of pounds were exported last year.

MONEY, BANKING, AND CURRENCY.

XI.

THERE is much evidence in the recent history of the country that while the amount of money in circulation, or in existence, has little to do with prices, and that trade and commerce are only temporarily checked by lack of currency, the character of our currency has a strong influence upon our prosperity. We know, for example, that the mad speculation inspired by the cheapness of our paper currency led directly to the disastrous and distressing panic of 1873, and that to the apprehension felt by the holders of our securities was largely due the panic of 1893. In 1878 the country was on a gold basis. Prices had begun to fall about 1865; and that decline was not due, of course, to any war on silver, or to any currency legislation whatever. In 1878 there was slightly less money in the country than there had been before, in consequence of the redemption of greenbacks. In 1879, however, the amount of money began to increase. In that year there was in existence in money and legalized substitutes for money $5 more for each person in the country than there had been in 1878; but only $1 40 of this increase got into circulation. The government (in other words, the tax-payers) had paid the expense of creating $5 in currency for every $1 40 demanded by the business interests. In 1894 the amount of money in the country was about $19 per capita more than it was in 1878—that is, it had a good deal more than doubled. But the business of the country at the end of those sixteen years, as shown by its demand for currency, needed only $9 per capita more than was required by it in 1878. In that period there had been created money and currency to the amount of $1,629,000,000, in addition to that which existed at the beginning of the period, to meet an increased demand for $932,000,000. And this enormous increase of money and currency, wasteful and extravagant as it was, costing the tax-payers enormous sums of money, did not check the fall of prices, which was due to the lower cost of production and distribution, the result of the wonderful inventive genius, enterprise, and energy of the age.

What was the effect, however, of the resumption of specie payments—the mere declaration that the country was on a gold basis, and would redeem its promissory notes in coin of the legal standard? Let us examine the prices prevailing in two periods. One period is from 1878 to 1890, when the Sherman law was passed for the purpose of compelling the government to buy substantially the whole product of American silver-mines, and to add its fictitious value to the currency of the country. The other is the period since that law was passed.

FIRST PERIOD.			SECOND PERIOD.		
Articles.	1878. Prices. Cents.	1890. Prices. Cents.	Articles.	1890. Prices. Cents.	1894. Prices. Cents.
Middling cotton ...	11.22	11.07	Middling cotton ...	11.07	6.94
Standard sheetings.	7.80	7.00	Standard sheetings.	7.50	5.11
Shirtings.....	11.00	10.90	Shirtings	10.90	9.50
Print cloths.....	3.44	3.34	Print Cloths	3.34	2.75
Wheat	118.8	98.3	Wheat	98.3	61.1
Corn.....	51.4	48.1	Corn.....	48.1	50.9

It is clear from these two tables that prices were steadier when there was no question as to the value of our money, when the irredeemable paper had been converted into a gold note. Even the attempt to depreciate the currency through the silver act of 1878 did not disturb the markets. The reason is that the country was rich enough to pay the cost of adding millions of silver dollars each year to the amount in the Treasury without suffering disastrous consequences, and silver did not enter into the circulation, either in the form of coined dollars or certificates, before 1888. In that year the amount of silver certificates out was $200,760,000, while silver dollars amounting to $55,527,000 were in circulation. Since then the amount of silver certificates in circulation has increased to $327,000,000, while the amount of silver dollars that are out has fallen to $52,565,000.

It is hardly worth while to furnish other facts and statistics to prove that prices of commodities do not depend on the quantity of money in existence. I have shown that the rise and fall of prices have not depended on the quantity of money; that the quantity of money has been actually increased and yet prices have gone down; that silver has fallen while prices of other commodities have risen; that laws have been passed to increase the value of silver and to advance other prices without accomplishing either object; that prices have been steadier when the country was frankly on a gold basis than when it was encouraging the employment of silver as legal-tender money; and that the effort to maintain silver has much more than doubled the quantity of money in the country, has added to the currency nearly twice as much money as the increased business of the country has absorbed, and all this, of course, at an enormous cost to the tax-payers.

Prices are determined by demand and supply. To go back to our simple community, if the wheat-grower has a bad year and raises only half the usual crop of grain, his crop will be worth twice as much per bushel in horses, corn, clothes, as in a full crop year. He will get twice as many dollars per bushel, other things being equal, as he usually receives. Each bushel of wheat will buy twice as much as a bushel brought last year. But the whole crop will not buy any more than the whole of the larger and cheaper crop bought. If there is a falling off in other crops, or if clothes and other merchandise in the storekeeper's stock are dearer in consequence of an increased demand or an increase in the cost of production or transportation, the farmer's bad crops will bring less to him in what he needs—that is, in what he uses his money to procure—although he receives actually more money. If the storekeeper's goods advance in price he will receive more money, but that money will buy less in the produce of the farmer. What has really happened throughout the world has been already indicated, and that has happened especially in this country, which is so amply blessed in material wealth that it prospers in spite of the follies and ignorance of those who make its laws, and who tamper with its economic and monetary systems with a hardy recklessness that is born of ignorance of the fact that exchange is governed by the laws of nature, which cannot be successfully opposed by those of man. The necessaries of life have been growing cheaper, while it has been growing easier to earn them. Even now, when prices are going up, when the iron-mills find it difficult to keep up with the orders that are pouring in upon them, wages have been advanced in the manufacturing establishments of New England.

H. L. N.

THE COLONEL OF THE FIRST CYCLE INFANTRY.

BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

"YOU certainly are a tough outfit, colonel—you and your nighthawks of the First Bikes—and I am not sure you could not have us cavalrymen going to bed with our boots on if we were on the other side," said Major Ladigo, as he bit at the end of a fresh cigar.

"Yes—bless me!—Pedal's outfit might come into camp on top of yours, Ladigo, and where would my g ns be then? I can't have my gunners sitting on their tr.ils all day and all night too," sighed the big gunner, from the other end of the tent.

"It was good work," continued the old brigadier—"here, boy, pass those glasses—and I have always thought well of the possibilities of that machine in a certain sort of military operations. I don't think you can chase Apaches with it—in fact, the only way to chase Apaches is to agree to pay about $500 a head for them; and also, I don't think, Colonel Pedal—with all due respect for your enthusiasm—that you could ever become of all-absorbing interest in great operations between organized armies; but I do not want to commit myself, since you seem to accomplish such feats in these days. If we had not had a really progressive man at the head of the army you would not have had this opportunity; but now, Pedal, all these fellows want to hear about your outfit, and especially how you conducted that affair at North Colville—they all want to know. Go ahead now—we have plenty of time to listen;" and Colonel Pedal, of the First Bikes, twirled his forage-cap in his two hands and grinned pleasantly.

"Well—it was simple enough," he said.

"Oh yes—it's simple now, but how did you get at it?" was the remark of encouragement from somewhere.

"Oh, well, you know, when I had organized and drilled this regiment, the people up at headquarters used us in a fussy way as orderlies, messengers, and in light outpost work, until my outfit was scattered all over this country, and that was not my idea at all. I knew by long experiment that bicycles were perfectly mobile in any country not strictly mountainous, and my idea was that I could fight my outfit in a new way; but fight it—that was my idea—and march it too. I wanted a few holes in that flag, and so I used to go up and labor with the general. I pleaded and begged to be turned loose. So one afternoon the general sent for me, and I went to headquarters.

"He said that a big band of insurgents were gathering and organizing up at North Colville, and that he wanted them destroyed or dispersed, and asked me if I could do it without asking for supports. I knew the old man had all he could do to open the communications to the west, and that he was going to give the bikes a try to prove what they were good for, so I said 'Yes, sir,' right away, though I did not know the situation thoroughly; but I wanted a job of that sort, and I was in for it. So he gave me orders to that effect, and after some inquiries I left him. Through spies he knew of this condition, and that all the communications were cut except the marine cable, which he had laid in the bed of the Kaween River to Northport, and that was thirty miles from North Colville. I knew that all those upper counties were in a state of insurrection, and my orders were to destroy the rendezvous at North Colville and then to retreat; so my chief concern was to get through the country without being stopped or engaged seriously by intervening bodies of the enemy which I might encounter, and says I to myself, says I, 'Old man, show 'em what bikes are good for.' Pardon me if I become enthusiastic. I started down to my command, fell in my men, with two days' rations and one hundred and fifty rounds. I made my inspection, for of course, you know, bike soldiers have a very complicated equipment; what with bombs, telegraphic apparatus, tools, and the extra parts of wheels, one must look well to his inspection. They have the Rice equipment—combined cartridge-belt and garment—which enables them to carry almost anything on the shoulder-belt. At five o'clock we pulled out, and at dark found ourselves at our extreme outposts, as I had calculated. I did not want the enemy to see me, as I was afraid of the telegraph, but as I proceeded I tapped the wires and cut them again and again. In fact, I cut wires all night, for fear that they might not have been destroyed, or that they might have been repaired. I ran smoothly through little hamlets, and knew that I could not be overtaken. I made a slight détour around villages of any size, such as Wooddale, Rockville, and Freeport, for fear that the insurgents might be in force enough to detain me. Back of Wellsville I got awfully tangled up in a woods, and, in short, was lost; but I jumped an old 'cit.' out of his cozy bed, put a .45 on the cabin of his intellect, a flash lantern in his two eyes, and he looked sufficiently honest and intelligent to show us the road, which he did, and we were not detained long.

"I felt fear of Emmittstown, as I had information that the insurgents were in force there. We picked up a man on the road who seemed to be one of our sympathizers, and he informed us that there were pickets all along the road which we were travelling, and also mounted patrols. He said that there was a terrible lot of insurgents in Emmittstown, but mostly drunk.

"Captain Bidewell, who was in command of the advance, did a rather clever piece of work here. He suspected that he would find a picket at a certain place, and sent a dismounted squad on either side of the road, which was bounded by meadow-land with stone walls, brush, and trees on either side, and he himself walked down the road with two men. They talked loudly, as though drunk, and, sure enough, were shortly held up by the picket. They surrendered, and expostulated in a loud voice, and offered their captors a bottle of whiskey. The advance closed in on them, and even got in their rear, and, of course, held up the picket without a shot. A six-shooter argument used on these people shortly disclosed the conditions, and we advanced."

"Say, colonel, I know that Bidewell; he is organizing a bike regiment out West now—met him as I came through," interpolated a medical major.

"Yes—nice fellow—held the ten-mile record for two years before this trouble," replied Pedal; "but, as I was saying—

"Here is *How!* gentlemen!

"Well, to continue—to show you a curious phase of bicycling—my advance ran a picket farther along the road, and were fired on, but, bless me! they had gone through so quickly and silently that they were not hurt, and the sergeant, who was very wise, dismounted and blew his whistle for us to advance. Bidewell dismounted and immediately advanced; and the picket, hearing his men smashing brush, retreated, and the sergeant turned a pistol loose in their faces, and bellowed for them to go out in the road, throw up their hands, and surrender, which they did. You see, Colonel Ladigo, it is very hard to estimate bike forces in the night, they go so silently—they simply flit; and when you first notice them you wonder how many have gone before. A sleepy picket is waked up by a lot of bellowing and shots and smashing of brush, and he doesn't know anything, especially if the row is half in his rear. Well, the shooting must have aroused the village of Emmittstown, and I made up my mind to run right into the town. The moon was rising, and we could see fairly well; but first I tried a little ruse with the captured picket. We advanced down the road a piece, and the men ensconced themselves in the brush, while one of the captured men stood in the middle of the road. We heard quite a party coming up the road rapidly, and the picket called out to them that it was nothing—that they had fired at some shadows, and that they might go back. Two men actually advanced to him, but he insisted that all was right, and that they might return; in fact he protested too much, since he knew that he was lying for his life, and that the date of his demise was fixed at the instant he told the truth. We gave the town half

OFFICER AND MEN OF THE FIRST CYCLE INFANTRY.

an hour to settle down, and then started on a down grade—coasting silently. All was silent. There were lights in a few saloons, and a half-dozen men, who were immediately held up and disarmed. There was evidence of a great many people in the village, since wagons and horses stood about, and tents and huts were everywhere, except on the main street. I stopped in front of the hotel, and, do you know, my column got three-quarters of the way through the town before we were discovered. My column is three-quarters of a mile long, you must remember, and that was very fortunate. Some one fired a shot from a darkened window of the hotel, and I ordered my men to use their revolvers. A man can shoot a revolver with great accuracy from a wheel, as it glides so smoothly. Well, there was a deuce of a popping, and it must have fairly riddled the town. The fire was shortly returned, but in a desultory way which did not seem to do any damage, and shortly the tail of the column passed down the street. I had set the hotel on fire before we left, and I really do not think that those fellows know what really happened there yet. I immediately cut the telegraph line, and now had nothing to interfere with my march to North Colville. I had two bikes ruined by shots, and abandoned the riders; but they made their way to our lines later. As we proceeded the country grew more flat, and we made the pedals spin; at times we overtook night prowlers—tramps, for the most part—and one rather large party of drunken insurgents, all of whom we disarmed and left tied to trees and fences along the road. Do you know, Ladigo, that one cannot hear my whole regiment on a road until it is right on top of you. I have frequently seen men ride a bicycle right up beside a man, who never heard a sound until ordered to throw up his hands."

"Oh yes, Pedal—I'd like to catch your outfit at the foot of a long hill; I would fire yellow-legs into you in a way you would despise," interpolated the impetuous cavalryman, as he blew smoke at the ridge-pole and clapped his one leg over the other in a satisfied way.

"Yes, you might, Ladigo; but I'm going to spend my life trying not to let you catch me at the foot of a long hill; and if you do, you will find about one hundred bicycles piled up in the road, and it makes bad travelling for horses, especially with unshaken infantry pointing at you from behind. Well, in this case, Ladigo, I did not have any of your enterprising yellow-legs to bother me. As I was saying, we went along swimmingly until we struck Cat-tail Creek, and found the bridge burned. It was rather chilly, but I knew there was no help for it, so we got out our air-cushions and did our little swimming-drill right there."

"What are your air-cushions?" inquired the medical officer with the long pipe.

"They are made of rubber, and blow up, and will sustain five equipments, and weigh fourteen pounds. Every five men have one," explained Pedal.

"Oh, I see—a quaint scheme!"

"Yes; bikes are perfectly mobile," continued Pedal, with satisfaction. "As I was saying—oh yes, we got over the river all right, but," and here he glanced apprehensively at Ladigo—"but I forgot to mention that we lost fifteen bicycles in the passage."

"Ha—ha! oh yes—there are your dismounted men," and Colonel Ladigo beamed.

"I think horses would have stuck in the mud of Cat-tail Creek, Ladigo; fact is, horses are not perfectly mobile. I also neglected to mention that the bicycles were all fished up and joined us later. We halted on a hill off the road an hour before gray dawn, to wait for the command to close up and to eat. There are always bikes which break down, and it takes a little time to repair them; and men will fall and injure themselves more or less. But within an hour I had my command all up except five men, having marched nearly seventy miles in eleven hours, had one engagement, and crossed a river. And now, Colonel Ladigo, was that not good work?"

"Oh yes, Pedal, quite good—quite good; could do it myself, though." The soul of the cavalryman was bound to assert itself.

"Undoubtedly you could, but not next day." And Pedal lit a cigar, conscious that he had Ladigo downed, but not finally suppressed.

"My men down the road took in a cavalry patrol without a shot—actually took in a cavalry—"

"Humph—humph!" snorted Ladigo; "cavalry forsooth!—a lot of jays on plough-teams; cavalry, sir—"

"Here—here, Ladigo, come down!" expostulated the assembled officers, and Ladigo relapsed.

"Well, after a reconnoissance and information from the patrol, I found that there were over five thousand men rendezvoused there, partly organized, and armed with all sorts of guns. Old Middle was in command—you remember Middle, formerly of the Twenty-seventh Infantry, cashiered at Fort Verde in '82."

He was known to the men present, and a few sniffs and the remark that "he was bad medicine" were all that greeted the memory of Middle.

"From the patrol I found where their camps and lines and outworks to cover the roads were, and also that it was but a quarter of a mile across a wood-lot to the road by which I had intended to retire, and which ran southeast towards Spearfish and Hallam Junction, so I trundled my bikes over to it, and laid them in a column formation off the road, and left them under guard. I formed my command, and turned some fellows out of some rifle-pits which were designed to protect the road, and it was growing light. We charged into the town, which had been alarmed by our fire directed at the men in the pits. The first thing we struck was a long line of temporary camps, of what was probably a regiment which was on the other side of a railroad embankment; but they were in a panic, and offered us no resistance, while we advanced, rapidly firing, and nearly destroyed them. As we entered the town I took one battalion and directed it against the car shops, which were full of stores and troops; these men we also nearly destroyed; and having set fire to the shops, I entered the main part of the town, and as we advanced I had it also fired. From my right I heard heavy firing, and knew that the other command had encountered opposition; and turning to my right, I struck a second railroad embankment, swarming behind with men, who were standing off the advance of the other battalion. I enfiladed them, and they retired precipitately. From the net-work of railroad embankments farther up the flats north of Colville I could see masses of men forming. They began firing at me from a great distance, but we were protected by the railroad fill, and did not mind it; while our sharpshooters, with their arms of longer range, annoyed the enemy quite a little, and kept up his demoralization. A great many men had gotten away from the town when I had attacked the car shops, and I was in fear lest they might form in my rear, under cover of the burning town, so I had my wounded removed rapidly to the hill where my bikes were left, and then retreated rapidly under cover of the smoke. The enemy were left so completely in the air that they advanced slowly, while from the cover of the brush on the upper edge of a field I held them in play for an hour while my wounded got a good start. At last they seemed to form and approached to my right, going around the smoke of the burning town, and as they outnumbered me four to one, they would speedily have outflanked me. I began the retreat as I had intended. I had thirty-eight badly wounded men, who had to be carried in blankets, fifty-six slightly wounded, who would be trundled on bicycles, and had left eighteen dead on the field."

"I say, colonel, how do you remove wounded men on bicycles?" asked some one.

"It is simple when you see it, but rather difficult to explain. If you will come down some day I will be glad to show you a wounded drill, and then you can see for yourself. By cutting sticks and tying a blanket or shelter-tent a desperately wounded man can be laid supine between two bicycles, or if slightly hurt he can be trundled, or even ridden double with a comrade, while one man can move two and even three bicycles. Oh, I tell you, the bike is a great contrivance, once you come to understand it," proceeded the Colonel of Cycle Infantry.

"I should like to have fought those fellows a little harder, but I was sixty miles inside of their lines, and I knew that to prolong the affair would mean that they would be heavily re-enforced; and besides, this was my first expedition. I had already destroyed the bigger half of the enemy and burned the town, and I did not apprehend a vigorous pursuit. What to do with my wounded was now on my mind. The country to the east of North Colville is very broken, wild, and sparsely inhabited. It had become necessary to abandon my wounded. I selected a point over twelve miles from our battle-ground, far back from the unfrequented road, in a very wild spot in the hills, and left every man not able to travel there, with all our rations and two medical officers, with ten men as a detail for the camp. My trail of course continued, and they were never suspected. Coming to the valley of the Spearfish, I halted and slept my command until sundown, and then started for our lines. On the way I rode into and demoralized half a dozen bands of armed insurgents, and struck our lines at five o'clock in the morning."

"What became of your wounded up there, colonel?" asked the medical officer with the long pipe.

"The evening following, Captain Barhandle with fifty men started and made a successful march to their relief, and left two more medical officers and a lot of medical stores and rations, and came back three days after. The camp was never discovered, and was relieved when the general here made his first expedition into Wood County. They had protected themselves from prowlers by waylaying the roads, and had a dozen prisoners in camp, together with a half-dozen milch-cows. My bikemen are excellent foragers, since they have been so much on outpost duty."

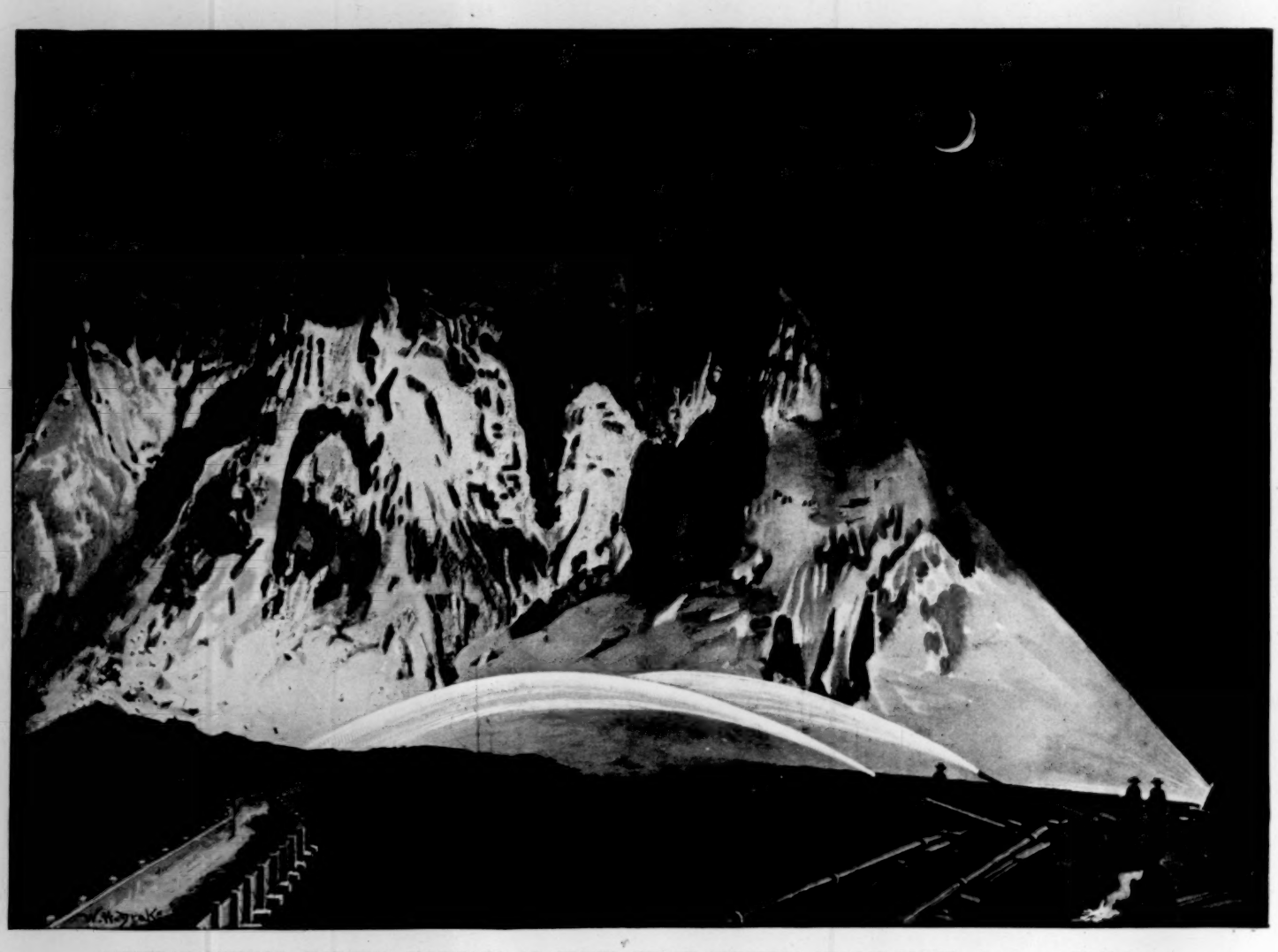
"Suppose, Colonel Pedal, you were forced to abandon your bicycles, what would you do?"

"We had a detachment on a scout the other day who were pressed into some bad country, and had to abandon their machines, which they did by sinking them in Dead Creek, and the next day we went out and recovered them. If it is desired utterly to destroy them, it can be done in an instant by stepping on the wheel and 'buckling' it; or if you remove the chain it is useless to any one but yourself," explained the colonel.

"Now, colonel, do you consider that you can move your men successfully in a hilly or mountainous country?" inquired Ladigo.

"In all candor, no—not to good advantage. I can march up hill as fast as infantry, and go down at limited express speed; but I really want a rather flat country, with lots of roads. I am not particular as to the quality of the roads, so there are enough of them. I can move through snow which has been tracked down by teams; I can fly on the ice; and when it is muddy there is always an inch or so beside the road which is not muddy, and that is enough for me. A favorable place for a bicycle is along a railroad track—going in the centre or at one side. When suddenly attacked, my men can get out of the road like a covey of quail, and a bicycle can be trundled across the worst possible country as fast as a man can travel; for, you see, all the weight of the man's gun and pack are on the wheel, which runs without any appreciable resistance, and all bikemen know how to throw a bicycle over a fence with ease, and my average march is eighty miles a day. Ladigo, remember—eighty miles a day! No kind of roads, no conditions of weather, or anything but superior force, can stop my command for an instant, sir."

And the Colonel of Cavalry rose and added, "Colonel Pedal, will you have a drink with me?"



"HYDRAULICKING"—WORKING MONITORS AT NIGHT UNDER ELECTRIC SEARCH-LIGHT.—DRAWN BY W. H. DRAKE.

HYDRAULIC MINING IN CALIFORNIA.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

"HYDRAULICKING" is an awkward word both to eye and ear, but, just now, it is one of the most important and frequently used terms in the whole vocabulary of Californian gold-miners. In its mining sense hydraulicking means the tearing down and washing away of large bodies of gold-bearing earth by means of powerful streams of water. In the process of washing the gold is saved, while the refuse dirt, or "tailings," is accumulated in such quantity that, if not restrained, it fills the beds of rivers, impedes navigation, causes disastrous overflows, and renders worthless for agricultural purposes vast areas of farming territory. Hydraulic mining is the cheapest, most expeditious, and most profitable method of treating auriferous soils. At the same time, as formerly practised, it was so destructive to other and more important interests that, in 1887, it was prohibited by law, save along such streams as would experience no damages from its tailings, or where they could be impounded within safe limits. This refuse earth was formerly swept through tunnels, or bed-rock cuts, by a torrential rush of water, into the nearest creek or river, where it was allowed to accumulate without regard to consequences. By the legal prohibition of this easy method of disposal, hydraulicking was practically killed, and it would remain dead to this day but for the introduction of the hydraulic lift or elevator. By this ingenious device, which will be described later, the mischievous débris is easily and cheaply lifted out of the way and deposited in a place prepared for its reception. Under these conditions hydraulicking has taken a new lease of activity, and the ten millions of dollars' worth of gold which it annually added to the world's supply from California alone is in process of being restored to the auriferous output of the State.

All gold-mining may be classed under the headings "quartz" and "gravel," while the latter may be subdivided into shallow or modern placer-mining and deep or ancient placer-mining. The former includes the deposits of existing streams, from the bars and beds of which was taken nearly all the gold produced in California between 1848 and 1860. The latter is conducted in the beds of ancient pliocene rivers, where are accumulated vast quantities of auriferous gravel, varying from two feet to 600 feet in thickness, covered by other hundreds of feet of clay, cement, or alluvium, and in some cases buried beneath a capping of lava or basaltic rock. When this happens the "pay gravel" is recovered by "drifting," or the driving into it of tunnels, through which it may be removed to the surface for sluicing. Whenever the superincumbent material can be removed by the direct action of water, and perhaps contains enough gold to pay expenses, an opportunity is afforded for hydraulicking.

It is estimated that in California alone there are some four hundred miles of ancient river-beds, and as the average yield of gold from their gravels is about $3,000,000 per mile, the total amount still available from this source is equal to the entire product of California's gold fields from 1848 to 1890. The cost of quartz-mining is from $3 to $10 per ton of material treated. Drift mining costs from 75 cents to $4 per ton, and hydraulicking only from 1½ cents to 8 cents per ton of material treated. It is therefore evident that a very low grade dirt may be profitably worked by this method when it could not be touched by any other.

The first hydraulic mining, practised as long ago as 1850, was carried on with a few hundred yards of ditch, a pressure box made of a barrel, and a length of canvas hose that terminated in a tin nozzle, discharging a stream of one or two inches in diameter, with a washing capacity of one hundred yards or so of earth per day. From this humble beginning has grown the vast and complicated system of the present, in which the establishment of a single plant calls for the investment of a million or more of dollars before a yard of pay gravel can be handled. It includes the acquisition of gold-bearing territory and of water rights, the building of great storage reservoirs and many miles of flume, the transportation over the roughest of mountain roads of hundreds of wagon-loads of iron piping and heavy machinery, the introduction and operation of an electric system, and the employment of an army of men.

The foregoing information concerning hydraulicking was imparted by Superintendent Radford, of the North Bloomfield Gravel Mining Company of California. He was a New York boy, a graduate of the Columbia School of Mines; is a man of extensive mining experience in South Africa as well as in this country; and it is largely owing to his engineering skill in providing for the safe disposition of tailings that the North Bloomfield Mine has been worked during all the years of enforced idleness from which other similar properties have suffered.

The operations of this company are confined to the bed of a pliocene river lying between the south and middle forks of the Yuba, in Nevada County, and among the rugged western foot-hills of the Sierras. Here the bed-rock with its covering of auriferous gravel is buried beneath some 300 feet of subsequent deposits, all of which must be washed away ere the pay dirt can be reached. The company owns 1535 acres of land lying along the course of the ancient river, but thus far, though operations on a large scale were begun in 1872, they have washed away but 300 acres, and cleared out only 6000 lineal feet of the old channel, which is from 400 to 600 feet wide. At the same time their giant monitors are tearing down earth at the rate of 2,500,000 cubic yards per year. The yield of gold from this enormous amount of dirt is in the neighborhood of $1000 per day.

To provide the water necessary for the attainment of these results the company was first obliged to construct a dam across the mouth of a valley high up in the Sierras, and thus form a reservoir 530 acres in extent that holds 930,000 000 cubic feet of water, or enough to supply the city of San Francisco for eight years. The dam is built of granite, is 100 feet high, 400 feet long, and has a bottom thickness of 167 feet. The "ditch" carrying the water thus stored to North Bloomfield is 45 miles in length, or half as long again as the Croton aqueduct. It is divided into eight-mile sections, each of which is in charge of a man who dwells in a hut on the ditch bank, and must carefully inspect his entire section every day. While much of this ditch is open canal, other portions are heavy box flumes carried across valleys on high trestles, or suspended along the face of precipitous cliffs by iron brackets. The ditch leads to a distributing reservoir, from which the water is conveyed in sheet-iron pipes 27, 22, and 15 inches in diameter to the brow of the eroded cliffs enclosing the ancient river-bed, and down their steep declivity to the scene of its labors. The original cost of thus bringing water to this point was $716,000, while to keep dams, ditches, flumes, and pipes in order involves an annual expense of about $15,000.

Down the face of the water-worn cliffs, yellow, white, and purple, or streaked in black and reds, the pipe lines crawl like gigantic reptiles. Two of them end in great cast-iron nozzles, known as monitors. The monitor is a marvel of simplicity, ingenuity, and concentration of power. In general appearance it resembles a piece of artillery, as it is nine feet long, has a heavy breech swivelled to its feed-pipe on a universal joint that enables it to move freely in all directions, and tapers to a muzzle diameter of from four to nine inches. It is rifled like a gun, to give a consolidating twist to the stream that rushes from it with the force of a cannon-ball and a roar like that of escaping steam. So powerful is this torrent, driven by a pressure head of 500 feet, that should a strong man attempt to cut it with a crowbar, the iron would be instantly torn from his hands and whirled away like a feather before a gale. As the water crashes against an opposing bank toward which the monitor is directed, the air is instantly filled with flying débris and a cloud of tawny spray. Earth, sand, and gravel-beds are swept away as though by magic, while there is a continuous avalanche of bowlders and masses of indurated pipe-clay.

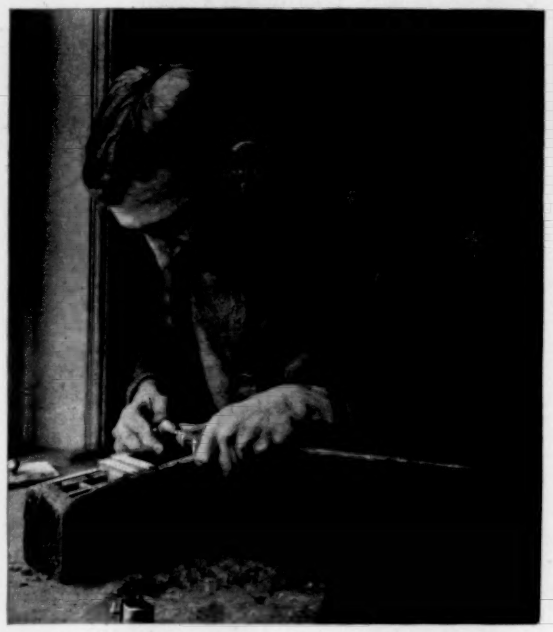
The most interesting feature of a monitor is its "deflector," a loose iron collar projecting a few inches beyond the discharge, and regulated by a simple lever. If by a slight movement of the lever the lower edge of the deflector is lifted so as to impinge against the outrushing stream, the nozzle is instantly lowered by the force of impact. If the upper edge of the deflector is brought into contact with the stream, the nozzle is lifted, while it may, with equal facility, be moved from side to side by the same means, and all with a very slight exertion of strength on the part of the operator.

By the aid of a powerful electric search-light work is carried on at North Bloomfield by night as well as by day, and a night scene at the mine is at once impressive and fascinating. The roar of the monitors, with its ceaseless accompaniment of rattling gravel and crashing bowlders, echoes in the depths of the water-worn cañon like that of a Niagara. Glistening spray clouds shot with prismatic colors drift in endless procession across the illumined spaces, to be instantly lost in surrounding blackness. The mellow glow of a camp-fire near each monitor marks a place where the operator and his assistant may snatch moments of escape from the chill dampness of the eddying gusts that whirl incessantly up and down the cañon. High above all, serried ranks of dark pines crowd to the verge of the ragged cliffs, and seem to wave gaunt arms in mute protest against the ruthless sweeping away of the foundations on which they have rested for ages.

The material thus torn from the lofty banks is washed by the backward flow of water into long lines of sluice boxes, five feet wide by eighteen inches deep, that are paved with heavy blocks of wood set on end and known as "riffles." Several pounds of quicksilver are thrown into the sluices every three or four hours, and this forming an amalgam with the infinitesimal gold particles, sinks of its own weight into the interstices between the riffle blocks, whence it is removed by hand twice a month.

The main sluice is about a quarter of a mile long, and as most of the gold is saved within the first two hundred

feet of its length, the millions of tons of waste material swept down to its lower end are valueless. Thus it only remains to dispose of this as cheaply and safely as possible. During the palmy days of unrestricted hydraulicking this was accomplished by means of a bed-rock tunnel, 10×10 feet in size and two miles in length, that discharged into a convenient cañon branching up from the Yuba River. This tunnel cost half a million of dollars; but it may no longer be used save as a drain for water that has been freed from all solid material by a series of impounding dams and settling reservoirs. At North Bloomfield these dams are built of brush, and are thrown across the ancient river-bed below the scene of active operations. The main sluice leads to the foot of the uppermost dam,



FIRST STAGE OF DIAMOND-CUTTING.

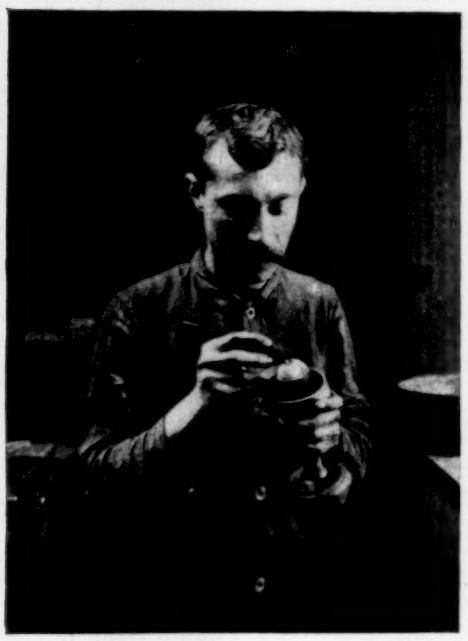
A diamond is fastened in cement, attached to the end of each tool, and the two are then rubbed together, thus removing the sharp points. The dust thus obtained is used on the steel wheel in grinding.

where it meets an open shute built at a sharp angle directly up the face of the structure. At the bottom of this shute, and at its point of juncture with the sluice, appear the black nozzles of two monitors that emerge from the ground beneath it and are pointed directly up the steep incline. These monitors discharge such a mighty rush of water that from the top of the shute it makes a vertical leap of 200 feet, and falls to the ground 500 feet away. This is the hydraulic elevator, and by its irresistible stream all material brought down through the sluice, including paving-stones as large as one's head, gravel, sand, and clay, is lifted high over the dam and flung to a distance beyond it. As the accumulation of detritus gradually refills the ancient channel the brush dams are built higher and higher to keep pace with its increase, until the limit of the elevator's lifting power is reached. Then a new dam is constructed a few hundred feet further up stream, the sluice is moved back, and the impounding process is repeated. So tremendous is the force of the hydraulic elevator that though the massive timber shute is lined with plates of manganese steel two inches thick, these are worn to the thinness of paper in a few months by friction with the outrushing gravel, which is projected with a velocity of 176 feet per second and a roar that echoes for miles down the cañon.

At North Bloomfield most of the monitor-work is done at night, while daylight is utilized by a large force of miners for the removal of bowlders or huge masses of pipe-clay that have been torn down by the rush of water but not disintegrated. The rocks are lifted to one side and piled by the aid of hydraulic derricks, while the clay masses are perforated with auger-holes and blown to pieces by dynamite. In this work hundreds of blasts are fired simultaneously, so that at intervals the cañon roars as though with a heavy fire of artillery, and the boiler-iron bomb-proofs into which the miners crowd for safety are subjected to a rattling bombardment.

While hydraulicking in the remote gravel beds of Californian sierras presents many unique and interesting features in addition to those thus briefly described, it offers at least one phase not so pleasant to contemplate. Once a month the superintendent of each mine must personally convey its accumulated earnings, in the shape of bullion bars, to the nearest railway express office. What sometimes happens while he is performing this duty is graphically though tersely described by the following legend, which is carved on the rocky face of a frowning cliff that bounds one side of the narrow trail half-way down the South Yuba grade:

IN MEMORY
OF
S. GALLAROTH
MURDERED HERE
Sept. 17, 1891.



SETTING THE DIAMOND PREPARATORY TO GRINDING.

GROWTH OF DIAMOND-CUTTING IN AMERICA.

A RECENT decision of the Treasury Department, that diamond-cutting is not a new industry, threatens to exclude from this country several hundred workmen who were coming here from Holland to work in the diamond-cutting establishments recently established in New York. It was the desire of the Dutch master diamond-cutters to bring to this country the workmen who have been in their employ in Amsterdam. That is, they wished to remove to this country their entire establishments—machinery, tools, workmen, and all. The Treasury Department holds that they cannot import their workmen. All diamond-cutters who come here under contract will be deported. The result of this decision will be delay in the establishment of the shops for diamond-cutting in New York, for there is not a considerable number of diamond-cutters out of employment to take the places created in the new shops.

The original American diamond-cutters were imported by Henry D. Morse, of Boston, now dead. Before he established his shop for the cutting of diamonds commercially, Mr. Morse had made some experiments in diamond-cutting with rough stones brought to this country in 1861 by B. S. Pray, of Boston. Mr. Morse and Mr. Pray became associates in the business of diamond-cutting, and they brought from Holland a number of workmen, whom they employed in their shop. These workmen kept secret the process of cutting and polishing the diamond as they had learned it in Holland, for at that time diamond-cutting was a secret trade even in Amsterdam. Mr. Morse, however, kept his eyes open, and presently learned the secrets of the trade. He then established in secret an auxiliary shop in the suburbs of Boston, where he taught some young men how to cut diamonds. Presently the Dutch workmen, believing that their work was indispensable to their employers, made exorbitant demands on them. Mr. Morse thereupon turned them off and put his young Americans to work. From that time diamond-cutting became subject to competition, with the best possible results to the trade. The Dutch work had degenerated through carelessness, and it was not long before American diamond-cutting took the first place. Many cut stones brought to this market were recut and improved, and the diamond-cutters of Boston were recognized all over the world as at the head of their trade. In 1870 a diamond-cutting shop was opened in New York city, and from that time there was a gradual increase in the business.

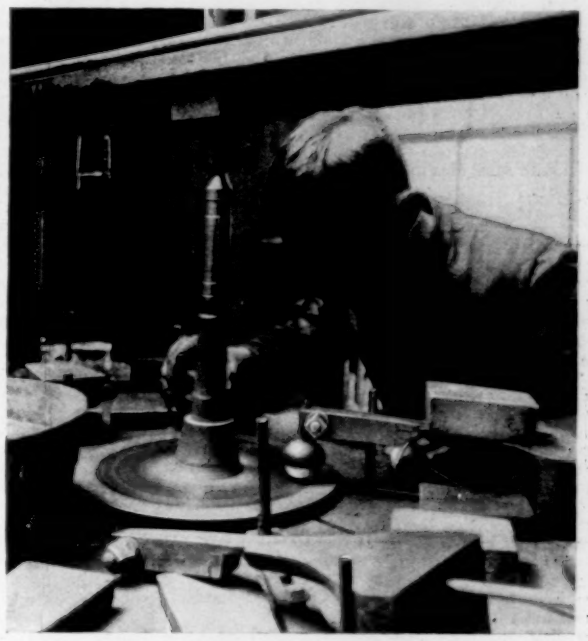
But the margin which protected the diamond industry in this country was not sufficient to offset the advantage which the foreign diamond-cutter had in being in the great markets of the world for rough diamonds—London and Amsterdam—to take advantage of every little change in the market-price. Diamonds are handled on a rather small margin of profit, and the fluctuations of the market for gems is watched as keenly as the fluctuations in the market for wheat or flour.

Only the superiority of the American cutting held the business in American hands, and led to its increase year after year. The largest importation of uncut gems in any one year was a little in excess of half a million dollars. The annual importation of cut diamonds has been about ten million dollars a year. American workmen should have had a larger share of the wages paid to the diamond-cutters who handled the ten and a half million dollars' worth of stones sold to Americans every year. They have the promise of an increased proportion under the new tariff law.

This measure gives the American diamond-cutter 25 per cent. protection where he had under the old law only 10 per cent. protection. It is estimated that the people of the United States have paid to the diamond-cutters of other countries in a quarter of a century nearly one hundred million dollars for labor.

It is possible that the next twenty-five years may see as large an amount distributed among American diamond-workers.

HEATING THE METAL IN WHICH THE DIAMOND IS SET FOR GRINDING.



GRINDING, OR CUTTING.

The revolving steel wheel, with the aid of diamond-dust, cuts or grinds the stone to the required shape.

THE INSURRECTION IN CUBA.

ON Tuesday, February 26th, Mr. G. Quesada, secretary of the Cuban revolutionary clubs in New York city, sent out this news: "Revolution broke out Sunday; the whole island is in arms." But up to the present time the reports from Cuba have been extremely contradictory, and what has been asserted most positively on one day has been denied as absolutely the next day.

A revolution undoubtedly exists in Cuba. For years the Cuban cigar-makers in this country have subscribed a large part of their scanty wages to funds intended to secure the independence of Cuba from the Spanish rule. These funds supported vast numbers of generals and colonels, who acted as "readers" in the cigar factories, and made speeches at the summer-night festivals of the cigar-makers. From time to time, as subscriptions fell off, means to "raise the wind" had to be adopted; and at intervals of from two to three years since the revolution of 1868–'79 was suppressed we have read of insurrections intended to free Cuba. These did what they were intended to do: subscriptions from the poor cigar-makers increased immediately. On this point a paragraph from a recent enthusiastic patriotic telegram from Tampa will throw some light:

"TAMPA, FLORIDA, *February 26th.*—... In West Tampa a hundred revolvers were fired at five o'clock this afternoon. Flags are raised, and the children join in the enthusiasm. The cigar-makers are to donate two days' work to the cause."

The whole revolution, in fact, has been simply a cigar-makers' revolt. At the beginning the Havana agent of an American news association telegraphed:

"The home-rule party here condemn unstintingly the action of the insurgents. They say the movement is ill-timed, hopeless, and bound to defer the hopes of Cuba's best friends. They regard those readers who are not brigands as devoted but hot-headed patriots, who have taken desperate chances rather than wait for a favorable opportunity. The entire island condemns the revolt, and overwhelmingly supports the government."

The generals are mulattoes and negroes, regarded by the white Cubans with the same feelings that white Americans regard their colored fellow-citizens. Thirty years of emancipation have not sufficed to obliterate the color-line in this country; ten years have not wiped it out in

Cuba. A recent press despatch, however, says, hopefully, "A few insurgent victories will send many white Cubans out to join the bands now largely composed of blacks." General José Marti and General Maximo Gomez, in their proclamation to the Cubans, say: "There will be no race war. The war of emancipation obliterates the hatred which slavery might have inspired. Only those who hate the negro see hatred in the negro."

Despite the contradictory nature of the despatches, the chronology of the revolution up to the present time seems to be this: The revolt began in Santiago de Cuba on February 24th. On February 26th our Consul-General informed the Secretary of State that martial law was in force throughout the island, and that the proclamation thereof had caused great excitement, "as it was the first notice the people had that the government was taking action to prevent the disturbances in some sections from spreading."

On March 1st, in the westernmost province, Pinar del Rio, twenty rifles were captured, and General Guillermo, a leader in the revolution of 1868-77, submitted. On March 8th the Spanish cruiser *Conde de Venadito* fired on the American steamship *Alliança;* no damage was done, and Spain has promised to apologize for the affront to our flag. The most important event thus far has been the appointment of General Arsenio Martinez Campos as Governor and Captain-General of Cuba, the position held by him in 1877-9, when he suppressed the revolution of 1868-79. General Campos arrived in Cuba on April 17th.

On the 15th of the same month Generals Marti and Gomez landed in Cuba. Their reported landing on February 24th precipitated the revolt. The news that greeted them, even as put forth from Tampa, the principal rendezvous of the revolutionists, was unpleasant. General Flor Crombet had been killed in a skirmish on April 10th, José Maceo had been defeated and had killed himself, and General Estrada had surrendered to the government.

On April 21st the rebels captured the town of Ramon Jaguas, owing to the negligence and cowardice of the Spanish commandant, who, being released by the insurgents, was court-martialled and shot on April 24th. But the reports of what happened after the surrender of Ramon Jaguas are contradictory. The Key West and Tampa story is that Spanish re enforcements were ambushed, surrounded, and lost heavily; the government story is that the insurgents were routed.

The insurrection exists wholly in the easternmost province of Santiago de Cuba, and centres around the towns of Guantanamo, Manzanilla, Holguin, and Baracoa. The government has perhaps 10,000 regular troops on the island, with re-enforcements arriving almost daily. But of the local importance of the insurrection the following, from a friendly reporter, will give some idea:

> "The authorities make no effort to prevent communication between the Cubans in the field and those in the cities and on plantations. Couriers precede every movement of troops. Even the men who fight one day enter towns and cities the next, leaving their arms behind. They come in for news, provisions, and even war material. They talk freely with American correspondents, but their accounts of what is going on in the interior are not reliable. All of this takes place under the eyes of the Spanish officials, but it does not appear to interest them. In other parts of the island, where all is quiet, the authorities are more strict than at Santiago de Cuba, which is the hot-bed of the rebellion."

At this distance no one can tell what really is happening in Cuba. Leaving out of view the contradictory reports spread abroad from Tampa and Key West on the one side, and Havana and Madrid on the other, it is only fair to consider these facts: that Martinez Campos, fifteen years ago, put down a revolution supported by the best Cubans; that he is acquainted with his task, and knows his province thoroughly; that the present revolt is led by negroes and mulattoes, with whom white Cubans will not associate; and that it is opposed consistently not only by all Spaniards on the island, but also by the Cuban home-rulers, who consider it ill-judged and likely to do great harm to the Cuban cause. Consideration of these facts, which are admitted even by the revolutionists to be facts, will enable one to read the daily reports of the insurrection with some idea of their actual value in the making of history.

TORPEDO-BOATS AND THEIR ATTACK.

BY S. A. STAUNTON, LIEUTENANT UNITED STATES NAVY.

THE automobile torpedo has, after many years of experiment and development, taken its place definitely as a naval weapon, and a place probably more assured and permanent from the fact that its limitations as well as its powers are now pretty well understood.

It is interesting to note the changes in the best professional opinion from time to time as to the relative importance of naval weapons. The ram had its day. It was the picturesque factor at Lissa, sinking the Italian flag-ship *Re d'Italia*, and Lissa was for many years the latest naval battle.

"Impressions of Lissa" abounded, and a conviction became general that the ram was the arbiter of naval combat. This idea passed. It was found that the ram was almost as dangerous to the assailant as to the assailed, and there seemed to be neither skill nor sense in mutual destruction. It had its limitations, which defined its tactical value and its relation to other weapons.

Then came the automobile torpedo, a later favorite. In the earlier stages of its development it, in its turn, was hailed as the coming arm, which was to sweep everything before it and to revolutionize naval warfare; but more exhaustive test and study showed that the torpedo also had its chances and its failures.

Meanwhile guns, gunpowder, and projectiles have been steadily and rapidly improving. Greater accuracy and greater power have been obtained, and the new type of gun, called "rapid-firing," which has been extended to calibres of five and six inches, enormously increases the number of projectiles—the "weight of metal"—that can be thrown against an enemy in a given time. A better appreciation of this improved certainty and efficiency of battery fire, as well as of the limitations of the ram and torpedo, has now brought back the gun, in professional opinion, to the place which it formerly occupied—that of the chief naval weapon which will mainly decide the naval battles of the future, as it did those of the past. The battle of the Yalu, fought wholly with the gun and at long range, has tended to confirm this opinion. The destruction of life and material caused by the Japanese shells appears to demonstrate that well-served batteries are as certainly now, as heretofore, essential to the winning of naval victories.

But the torpedo, if really reduced, as its limited tests in actual warfare seem to indicate, to a secondary rank when installed in cruisers or battle-ships, is placed upon a different footing when installed in a special vessel, built solely for the purpose of carrying it, and affording every opportunity for the tactics best adapted to its use.

Each weapon, to be most effective, demands its own peculiar tactics, and these tactics are not the same for any two of the three—the gun, the ram, and the torpedo. It follows, therefore, that when they all are associated in the same ship the tactics of no single one can have full development during any part of the time when it may be necessary or expedient to employ either of the others. If a ship is manœuvred to ram or to fire her bow torpedo, she loses for the time something of her strength of gun fire. If she is manœuvred for battery fire, her enemy may not come within torpedo range; and rapid approach, which is a feature of torpedo tactics, would tend to diminish the efficiency of her guns. Aside from the sacrifices which one weapon makes to another in the "tactical offensive" of the ship, there are others arising from the necessity of evading the enemy's destructive agencies—the "tactical defensive." The ram perhaps may not be used through fear of the enemy's torpedoes, and the ship may not approach within torpedo range through apprehension of her enemy's ram; and during a long artillery duel torpedoes and their tubes are likely to be disabled by shot, especially if above water, even before there is an opportunity to employ them.

But in the torpedo-boat the torpedo enjoys great advantages—a field for the development of its tactics free of interference from its rivals, the gun and the ram. The torpedo-boat is small and swift and handy. It seldom is of greater displacement than one hundred tons, costs about one hundred thousand dollars, and carries from twelve to fifteen officers and men. It has usually three, sometimes only two, torpedoes, loaded, primed, and placed in their tubes ready to discharge. Its sole purpose is to carry these weapons within range of an enemy's vessel—from two hundred to five hundred yards, the nearer the better—and after firing them to withdraw as speedily as it approached. It is too small itself to be torpedoed or rammed, and it depends solely upon the celerity and obscurity of its movements to escape gun fire. It is not a fighting craft in the sense of giving and taking stand-up blows. Having planted its sting it disappears; and if, like certain insects, it perishes utterly while doing this injury, the loss is small both in war material and human life. Its torpedoes may, and frequently would, go wide of the mark, but they may destroy a battle-ship worth millions.

The field of action of the torpedo-boat is extensive, but its principal use is on the coast and in harbors and inland waters, where shelter can easily be obtained and successful pursuit avoided. In rough weather its best qualities are seriously impaired. It loses speed, is swept by seas, cannot fire its torpedoes with accuracy, and its crew rapidly loses physical and nervous force because of the continued strain of exposure and fatigue. The annual manœuvres of European navies have proved conclusively that torpedo-boats cannot cruise with a fleet and retain their full efficiency. They must be sheltered, all their energies reserved for the moment of action.

Their attack is a rush at full speed, hand on steering-wheel, reversing gear, and torpedo discharge, ready to act on the instant or to lose the chance—to rush upon or to avoid destruction. They should therefore be groomed like race-horses, every mechanism in perfect order, including, most important of all, the physical condition of their *personnel*.

Attacks by torpedo-boats would always be made at night. All vessels are now armed with numerous rapid-firing guns of small calibre, primarily as a defence against torpedo attack; and as the boats are entirely vulnerable, they would have little chance in an attack by daylight, unless they were in overwhelming numbers and reckless of loss, which "is not war."

The method of conducting an attack would depend upon the circumstances of each case, and the resources and information of the officer directing it. No fixed tactical rules apply. The vessels whose destruction is to be attempted may be at anchor or under way in a harbor or in open water. It is probable that the boats will not know in advance exactly how the enemy may be found; and a night attack can hardly fail to be accompanied by much uncertainty and confusion. Each boat should be free to act independently, and yet should be able to count upon some assistance if sinking or disabled. Therefore a flotilla would probably be divided into groups of two or three boats each, and the boats of each group would attack together and in the same direction, with a view to mutual assistance and support.

Ships defend themselves against torpedo-boats by their secondary batteries and search-lights, and if at anchor they may employ steel nets strong enough to resist the passage of a torpedo. These nets are held at a distance of twenty-five or thirty feet from a vessel's side, supported from the ends of booms carried and rigged for that purpose. They are heavy and clumsy, and cannot be employed under way, since they greatly impede a ship's motive and manœuvring capacity, and endanger fouling her screws; but they are an efficient defence at anchor.

Search-lights detect the approach of boats, and show them to the gunners during the attack; but the uncertainty of night firing is so great that the value of the use of search-lights is in doubt. It has the enormous military disadvantage of making the position of the vessels known to the attacking boats.

A fleet lying in a harbor will further defend itself by sending out its own torpedo-boats to act as videttes and outposts, to engage and chase away the enemy's boats, and in readiness for this duty boats are armed with light rapid-fire or machine guns. A new type of vessel, the "torpedo-boat-catcher," has arisen to pursue and destroy torpedo-boats with more certainty and success. It is simply an enlarged torpedo-boat, which, because of greater size and power, has better speed and endurance, and is armed with a battery of rapid-fire light guns.

Should the harbor occupied by a fleet have a narrow entrance, it can be closed against torpedo-boats by a boom made of heavy logs and spars lashed together. This boom extends across the channel from shore to shore, and is held in place by moorings. It should be protected by enfilading batteries and search-lights on shore to prevent an enemy from cutting it, or blowing it up, or forcing his boats over it.

The nervous tension caused by the character of torpedo-boat attack—their secrecy and celerity, the blow in the dark—is probably entitled to as much weight in estimating their influence in a naval war as the serious destruction of which they are capable, and which they would frequently accomplish. The chance of such attack will be an ever-present anxiety to admirals, captains, and their subordinates; and how long and how successfully human endurance can meet the multiplied responsibilities which modern science has attached to war is a problem yet to be fully solved.

HIGH JINKS IN ART.

THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN FAKIRS.

You might call it a carnival, a fiesta, a function, a mummery, a *chargé d'atelier*. In New York the art students, for their special *divertissement*, assume the name of the Society of American Fakirs, and under its auspices for a brief season the primest tomfoolery is carried out. The various studios in the Art Students' League are thrown into one large room for the occasion.

Supposably the young painters have been under extreme tension, and explosion or collapse was inevitable. Some kind of a safety-valve becomes then a necessity. Hence a raree-show, the construction of ludicrous *chefs-d'œuvre*, an exhibition in a special salon, and the making of the queerest of catalogues.

For the creation of the special exhibits human ingenuity is taxed to its utmost capacity. Pure pigments are by no means a prime necessity. So that salient effects can be turned out, any material can be used. Brushes may play a certain limited part, but the higher technique is produced by means of tacks and a hammer. In fact, the Society of American Fakirs may be said as often as not "to nail its colors to the mast."

Everything, then, may enter into the manufacture of a masterpiece, no matter if the ingredients be perishable. There is no idea of permanency. The work, being that of the impressionist, is not made to last. The banana-peel may wilt, but it has for the nonce produced its stunning effect—has startled the cognoscenti.

The visitor to the exhibition mounts many flights of stairs. If he is a novice he is bewildered. It is only the highly appreciative who can understand this special art. The philistine is out of place.

There are touts selling the funny catalogues; there are the peanut vender, the chewing-gum purveyor, the dispenser of lemonade. There is a band, and save for their wild uniforms and the masquerade of the leader, the music they play is excellent.

It is the works of the leading American artists which are caricatured. It is rather a compliment to be thus gibbeted. It is superiority, not mediocrity, which is challenged. *Le style c'est l'homme* holds good in all the arts, and somehow the construction of these strange things on exhibition do catch a painter's individualism. It is all good-natured. There are no wounds, not even scratches.

This exhibition was opened May 3d, and there was an auction on the 4th, showing how perishable were the commodities. That auction was the culmination of the junket. There are three prizes awarded for the best fakes. On the catalogue there is printed, "Mr. Samuel Shaw, the art patron, has generously sent three checks, for $25, $15, $10, respectively, as prizes for the three best fakes in this exhibition." And this too follows: "Kindly observe that this is the only thing in this exhibition that is not a fake."

There is a pleasing little addendum to all this frank jollity. After expenses are paid, the Fakirs give the money they receive to charity, and so it might be remarked, as said Gavarni's beggar, "Where they went to mass they gave me not a copper, but where they danced I got a great deal."

THIS BUSY WORLD

HERE is a true little story out of real life which has a moral. There was once a large mill in a small city where cloth was made. It was owned in part by a merchant who lived in New York and sold the cloth. He was the brains of the mill. He went to his office when he got ready, and came away when he chose. He ate and drank freely, had horses and pictures, a town house, a country house, all the usual luxuries of a well-to-do New-Yorker. He did not toil superlatively hard, and his spinning was done for him at his mill. At the mill affairs were personally conducted by an overseer, a worthy man, who knew about spinning, and who got up early in the morning and staid up all day and made the mill go. He got a good salary, and saved money, which he put into other mills, of which also the New York man was the brains. Suddenly one day the luxurious citizen in New York died. His heirs, and the other owners of the factory, determined to sell it, and inasmuch as the overseer seemed to know more about the mill and its management than any one else, they raised his salary and appointed him Brains of the business *ad interim*. But it is one thing to be overseer of a mill and quite another to be the Brains of a business. The overseer was honest and faithful. After he had worked as Brains and overseer both for a couple of years (bad years for that business, by-the-way), it was necessary to appoint an assignee. He was appointed. Presently the mill was shut down, and after a while it was sold for nearly enough to pay the debts of the concern. The overseer, acting as Brains, aided by bad times, had entirely wiped out the value of that mill, and of the other mills in which he had invested his savings. Soon after the final settlement he took to his bed and died.

Labor is strongly disposed to feel that the Brains in a business is overpaid, and is not entitled to the large emoluments he receives. Labor feels that Brains lives off of the sweat of other men's brows, and Labor doesn't think it fair. Brains lived off of Labor in this case, and lived very well; but when Brains died and Honest Industry took his job, the mill presently stopped; Labor was thrown out of work for two years, and Honest Industry

was ruined. The case is not an exceptional one. Brains may be a pig, but he is indispensable, and being so, he is worth his price.

Of course the bicycle manufacturers will make more money this year than any one else (the fury for bicycles being a marvel in trade), but it ought to be a good year for some of the story-writers too. The example of the New York *Herald* in offering prizes for best stories seems to have become epidemic. The Chicago *Record* has twenty thousand dollars which it is anxious to divide among the authors of twelve best mystery stories in unequal amounts; a newspaper syndicate offers two thousand dollars for a prize story, and the regular demand for periodical fiction by established or aspiring publications was never so brisk as now. Offers of large prizes may easily increase the number of stories written, but whether the prize system makes for the improvement of the quality of contemporary fiction is another and much more doubtful question. The presumption is that the story-writer, whether from love of art or from mere sordid motives, always writes as good a story as he can. No matter how great a prize is offered, he can do no better. Prizes might tempt capable story-writers to devote time to literary composition which they would otherwise spend in other work, but that prizes do have that effect, and thereby inspire stories of value which but for them would not be written, seems unlikely. Prizes advertise the journals or other publications that offer them, and secure to such publications a much larger choice of manuscripts than they would otherwise get. They also put money in the pockets of some fortunate individuals, but it may be doubted whether they are as useful for the encouragement of good work in literature as in art. A prize offered for a painting calls for a work of art, its merits to be estimated by artists or competent critics. But a prize offered for a story calls for a story that will suit the popular taste, and such a story may be great literature and may not.

Kind-hearted people will approve of the new rule of the League baseball clubs that on every ground a secure shelter shall be provided where the umpire may retire after the game and put on his other clothes. Heretofore players who were dissatisfied with the umpire—as sometimes happens even when he has done his utmost best—were wont to express their sentiments toward him in the common dressing-room after the game with great force and vigor. Often they hurt the umpire's feelings, and sometimes they tore his clothes, which of course was all wrong and unseemly.

It would do no harm if the clubs went a step further and furnished every umpire's retreat with a good set of disguises and a subterranean exit, so that on days of special excitement umpires might the better evade the importunities of a hostile crowd.

A circumstance that bears upon the proposition of the Holland Society to present a statue of William the Silent to New York is the purpose of the Association of American Women, with headquarters in Washington, to give a statue of George Washington to the republic of France. Mrs. (Justice) Stephen Field, the president of the association, has secured through our ambassador in Paris the acceptance of the statue by the French government, which assures it an honorable place among the monuments of Paris. The argument that if Paris can afford to make room for a statue of Washington, New York can find a place for William of Orange, is a little far-fetched, but still is not without some force.

Writers differ very much in this, that there are many whose books give pleasure, and are widely read, but without inspiring any very violent desire among their readers to know the man who wrote. And there are others, not so many, who are so constituted that what they write excites a personal sentiment toward themselves in the reader's mind. Stevenson was a writer of this latter sort. To read his books, and especially his essays and his verses, which had the most of himself in them, was to be stirred with a desire to know the man behind the pen. It is matter for congratulation that we are to have a closer acquaintance, albeit a posthumous one, with Stevenson the man. His Samoan diary, written in the form of letters to Mr. Sidney Colvin, gives us a seat beside him at his desk, takes us with him into his gardens and clearings, shares his struggles and purposes and plans and hopes and setbacks and profane ejaculations with us, and lets us see him as he lived and toiled in the last busy years of his life. The few scraps of this journal which have already been intrusted to the newspapers bring a pleasure that is varied with many regrets. The pleasure is in the pictures of the writer, drawn by his own hand; in his comments on work done, characters created and sent out; in his record of his thoughts and feelings. The regrets are for plans for the accomplishment of which time failed, and for people who lived and events that happened in his imagination, but are never to be written down. We want to know Sophia Scarlet, and what career she ran, and to what event. We want to know Dyce of Ythan, and all about his dealings with Prince Charlie. *Sophia* was entirely planned, and *Dyce of Ythan*, founded on documents furnished by Mr. Andrew Lang, had taken form in its projector's mind, but it is not clear that of either of them anything had been actually written down for the reader. *St. Ives*, described by its sub-title as *The Adventures of a French Prisoner in England*, was dictated to an amanuensis, and was left in a better case. No doubt we shall have that, and much, if not all, of *The Lord Justice Clerk*, also. But we can ill spare Sophia. Stevenson's women are few and precious. They have red blood in them, and are great of spirit and true of heart, so that they are almost as good to know as George Meredith's own.

The desire to share in the profits of *Trilby* seems almost as prevalent this spring as the bicycle habit. All sorts and conditions of men and women have given evidence of being affected by it. A French story, published some years ago without any resulting stir, was unearthed, put into English in a few days, and published almost simultaneously by two American houses. What the book contains the present deponent knoweth not. The all-sufficient reason for its issue seems to have been that the magic word "Trilby" appeared in its title. What sums Trilby has earned for charity no one will ever compute. There have been Trilby tableaux, Trilby burlesques, Trilby nights, and Trilby shows of every kind from one end of the land to the other. Parodies of the story have appeared in book form, and the itch of playwrights and managers to profit by the Trilby vogue has been so intense that the protection of their dramatic rights has necessitated much vigilance and activity on the part of *Trilby's* publishers. The latest infringement on their privileges has been attempted in Denver, where an unauthorized dramatization by McKee Rankin and Ernest Walcott was performed on May 6th, and was promptly contested in the United States Courts.

E. S. MARTIN.

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AMATEUR SPORT

THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA TRACK ATHLETIC TEAM.

BY GALEN M. FISHER.

THE entrance of the team representing the University of California into the Inter-collegiate Track Athletic Association meeting on May 25th, and other minor meetings in the East, is an absolutely new departure in amateur athletics in the United States. The only other movement in this direction that bears on this one at all is the football team which for two years has gone East from Chicago in the fall to play the Eastern elevens. But California is a very different State from Illinois, and, furthermore, where the Chicago teams were made up of Eastern college men who had played on the 'varsity eleven while in college and then moved to Chicago, the California team just arrived is composed almost entirely of Western men who for the first time are brought into competition with Eastern college athletes.

Whether the California team is defeated or wins on the 25th, the new era begun by this entrance into the Inter-collegiate League is one that all men thoroughly interested in seeing amateur sport advanced should heartily support.

As the condition of collegiate athletics in California which has produced the U. C. team is practically not known among Harvard, Yale, and Princeton men, it may be interesting to state what its history has been, and to show how comparatively new the whole subject of collegiate games and athletics is.

WILLIAM C. PATTERSON.
High jump—Distance, 5 ft. 11 1-4 in.

Track athletics at the University of California date from the first Field-day, May 3, 1879. The whole interval from that time up to the present naturally falls into three periods. The first was that of R. T. Harding and J. J. McGillivray. They and their comrades made some records which held for several years, notably the 100-yard dash in $10\frac{3}{5}$ seconds by Harding, and McGillivray's high jump of 5 feet $5\frac{1}{8}$ inches, which was at last broken by H. C. Moffitt in 1889. The second period included the years 1889, 1890, and 1891. Facilities for training had gradually been improved, and a five-lap cinder path had been constructed. Among the new men were E. Coke Hill, who ran the mile in 4 minutes $51\frac{1}{2}$ seconds, and the half in 2 minutes $10\frac{3}{5}$ seconds; H. C. Moffitt brought the hop, step, and jump up to 41 feet $9\frac{3}{4}$ inches; and Fred W. McNear ran the 440-yard dash in $53\frac{1}{2}$. The third period is the one from 1892 to the present time. The year 1892 will always be known as the record-breaking year. This was largely due to the formation in 1890 of the Academic Athletic Association, which developed such record-makers as W. C. Patterson, George and Ross Hoffmann, A. W. North, T. V. Bakewell, and R. W. Edgren. On May 18, 1892, Ed. Mays broke four of the previous records for dashes, pushed hard by Henderson of the Olympics. Fred S. Phelps also brought the U. C. record for the mile down to 4 minutes $42\frac{1}{2}$ seconds. T. V. Bakewell ran the 220-yard hurdles in 27 seconds, but within two weeks made his own and the coast record of $26\frac{3}{4}$ seconds. At the U. C.-Olympic Field-day on May 30, 1892, U. C. won the day by over thirty points. It was at these games that Walter H. Henry, pushed on by Foster of the Olympics, became the world's champion 120-yard hurdler.

The opening of Leland Stanford Junior University, in 1891, gave Pacific coast athletics another impetus. The U. C. held the first Inter-collegiate Field-day with her in April, 1893. Stanford was heavily handicapped by lack of a proper track, but even allowing for that, U. C. had a decided superiority. The score stood 92 points to 34.

The second Inter-collegiate Field-day was held April 28, 1894, when the score of 1893 was almost repeated, standing 36 to 94 in favor of the U. C. It brought out several of the men who are on the present team. The facilities, although improving constantly, are still comparatively poor, but, nevertheless, there are more first-class men under regular training this spring than ever before in California's amateur athletic history.

CHESTER H. WOOLSEY.
Running broad jump—Distance, 22 ft.

The contest with Stanford would have been stimulus enough, but add the prospect of getting on the team for the Eastern trip, and one may imagine how earnest the contest in the work this spring has been in the university. The tidings, which arrived in February, of their admission to the Inter-collegiate Athletic Association was hailed with enthusiasm by the thirteen hundred students in the university. Plans for taking advantage of the opportunity thus given to compare the West with the East were immediately made, and they culminated in a meeting of the associated students on March 26th, at which a loan of $1100 was pledged in twenty minutes. With an equal amount from the faculty and alumni the travelling expenses were fully covered, and the financial success of the trip assured. The programme as outlined by Manager North is as follows: Princeton games at Princeton, May 11th; University of Pennsylvania games at Philadelphia, May 18th; Inter-collegiate Games, New York, May 25th; other games with the University of Chicago, University of Michigan, and the University of Denver will probably be held on the way home.

FRED W. KOCH.
Half-mile—Time, 2 min. 1 1-5 sec.

THEODORE L. BARNES.
100-yard dash—Time, 10 2-5 sec.

ERNEST I. DYER.
120-yard hurdles—Time, 16 2-5 sec.

ROBERT W. EDGREN.
16-pound hammer throw—123 ft. 7 1-2 in.

The team that has been finally chosen is the best that these years of preparation has been able to furnish, and most of the men are holders of Pacific coast records. Fred W. Koch, captain of the team, was born in Philadelphia in 1871. He entered U. C. in 1892. He was a member of the 'varsity track team in '93–'94, was captain of his class team in '93–'94, and is an all-around athlete and mountaineer. His best high jump is 5 feet 10 inches, and he has covered 21 feet in the broad jump. He is unbeaten in the half-mile, with record of 2 $1\frac{1}{5}$, and has recently run the 440, unpaced, in $53\frac{1}{2}$. He stands an even 6 feet, and weighs 157 pounds.

James W. Scoggins is a Californian, 22 years old. He is 5 feet $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches tall, and weighs 156 pounds. He began athletics in '93, and holds the following records: 220 yards (curved track and walk over), $23\frac{3}{5}$ seconds; 100 yards, 10 seconds.

Theo. L. Barnes was born in Nebraska nineteen years ago. His height is 5 feet 8 inches, and he weighs 145 pounds. He entered athletics in 1895, and has made 100 yards in $10\frac{3}{5}$ seconds. He is somewhat of a dark-horse as yet, and a close rival of Scoggins.

Will C. Patterson was born in California in 1874. He entered U. C. in '93, and has been a member of all 'varsity teams since then. He has cleared 5 feet $11\frac{1}{4}$ inches in high jump, and 21 feet in broad jump. He runs the high hurdles in $16\frac{1}{5}$ seconds. He stands 5 feet 11 inches, and weighs 145 pounds.

R. W. Edgren is a Californian also, 21 years of age. His height is 6 feet, and his weight 185 pounds. He began athletics in 1891, and entered U. C. in 1893. He now holds the Pacific coast record for the hammer throw, 123 feet $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches, but he has made 131 feet in practice. He has also done 9 feet 9 inches in the pole vault, and put the shot 38 feet 6 inches.

Chester H. Woolsey was born in California in 1871. His height is 5 feet 11 inches, and his weight 168 pounds. He entered athletics in 1892, and holds a record of 22 feet in broad jump.

Melvin W. Dozier is a Californian, 20 years of age, and standing 5 feet 10 inches. He weighs 150 pounds, and has made the 2-mile bicycle run in 5 minutes 20 seconds. He also has covered in the broad jump 21 feet $11\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and is one of the new and promising men of the university.

Ernest I. Dyer is a Californian, 22 years of age. His height is 5 feet 10 inches, and his weight 160 pounds. He began hurdling in earnest in '94, and has run the 120-yard hurdles in $16\frac{3}{5}$ seconds.

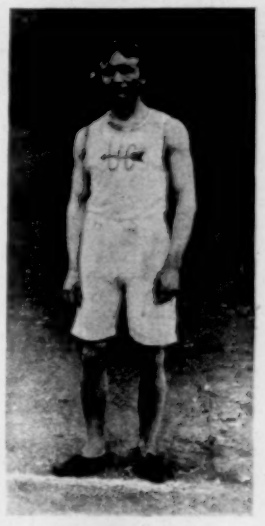
Harry B. Torrey is a Californian, 22 years of age, who weighs 140 pounds. His height is 5 feet 9 inches, and he has run hurdles off and on for two years, but only recently attracted attention by running the 120-yard hurdles in $16\frac{1}{5}$ seconds and the 220 hurdles in $26\frac{1}{5}$ seconds.

Philip R. Bradley is 19 years old, weighs 140 pounds, stands 5 feet 6 inches, and is a Californian by birth. He has run long distances for two years or more, and on April 13th he ran the half in 2 minutes 3 seconds. His mile record is 4 minutes 50 seconds.

Louis T. Merwin is a Californian, 21 years of age, who weighs 170, stands six feet even, and has walked since 1893. In the Inter-collegiate games, April 13th, he won the mile, unpaced, in 7 minutes $34\frac{1}{5}$ seconds, even though he failed to gauge his pace on the first lap, and consequently had to do the last four mainly on grit.

The athletic team under the management of Mr. North, who, until his health gave out, was one of the most promising men in the University of California, arrived at Princeton on the 8th, in a reasonably good condition. Torrey and Patterson were somewhat tired from the long journey, and needed the two or three days before the Princeton games for recuperation.

While these games, and those that take place on the 18th, will in a measure give the representatives of the Eastern colleges entered for the Inter-collegiate games some inkling of the capacity of the California men, and will show what standing they will take, it is likely that the members of the California team will make a better showing in New York on the 25th than at either Princeton or Philadelphia. In the first place, they will have had over two weeks in which to become accustomed to the change of food, water, and climate; they will be more at home, and will have lost what little feeling of strangeness they may have had at the start. Then, in the second place, the greater importance of the Inter-collegiate games will be an extraordinary stimulus to them. It ought to spur the men on to outdo themselves.



JAMES W. SCOGGINS.
100-yard dash—Time, 10 sec.

It is probable, however, that we shall see the best time made and distances covered in New York; and to a certain extent the California men will consequently be dark horses up to the last moment. Thus everything conspires to make the standing of these men uncertain until the 25th, and their showing most interesting on that day.

It is quite proper that the U. C. should send such a team East to give the university its rightful place in the family of American colleges, and part of the object in sending them is to dispel forever the idea that the University of California is a frontier academy, and convince the Eastern college world that as it ranks among the first eight in wealth, size, and standing, it is therefore worthy to enter the Inter-collegiate athletic lists. The team does not expect to capture first place at the New York games, but it does hope to come out among the first four. Whether the men are too sanguine or not the 25th of May will decide, but, at any rate, the trip will give the California athletes experience, will win rightful recognition for the U. C. in the East, and afford an opportunity for healthy college enterprise.

MELVILLE W. DOZIER.
Running broad jump—Distance, 21 ft. 11 1-2 in. 2-mile safety bicycle—Time, 5 min. 20 sec.

It is not only a great credit to the U. C. that it has been the first far-distant college to make such a move, but it is to this university that amateur athletes and those who are interested in amateur athletics in general owe their thanks for having formulated the idea that such a trip could be made.

If, as is no doubt true, the result of this meeting of the West and East proves successful, there is a way opened for the college-men of the United States to decide college records for this country, and thus to make a comparison between themselves and Englishmen of similar athletic standing. This would indeed prove to be of the utmost value.

"AMERICAN FOOTBALL."—(REVISED BY THE NEW RULES.)—BY WALTER CAMP.—ILLUSTRATED.—PRICE $1 25.—HARPER & BROTHERS.

During Mr. Whitney's absence in the Barren Lands of British America on his snow-shoe and dog-sledge journey, there will from time to time appear in the department of Amateur Sport paragraphs on current amateur athletics, in addition to special articles.

THE LAMENTABLE WEAKNESS of the Harvard nine at the bat was the principal point brought out by the Princeton game at Princeton on Saturday. The men as a team are poor batsmen, and even Scannell, who has done better than the others up to this time, was unable to hit Wilson at all. The game, however, would have been a close one, owing to the good fielding of the Harvard men, if Highlands had not lost his temper and his nerve at the critical point of the game. Up to the last half of the fifth inning the work of both nines was creditable, with the exception of Stevenson's bad throw to Scannell at the home plate in the first inning, which let in Payne. But in the fifth inning the Princeton men managed to get a hit or two off Highlands, and then he seemed to become rattled in an instant. He did not obey Scannell's signals, but sent in ball after ball perfectly straight, without attempting to judge whatever man might be at the bat, or delaying a moment to pull himself together. There was no suggestion of curve or judgment, and as a result Princeton scored six runs, five of which were earned and made on long hits which went over the heads of the fielders in one or two instances.

It was evident that Highlands lost control of himself, because in the next inning, and for the rest of the game, he pitched as he had before, and Princeton failed to score again. The Harvard fielding was, on the whole, good, though there was an absence of team-play at times that was surprising. Whittemore might have scored once in the fourth inning, when Otto muffed and there was no one out. A little coaching then would have brought Whittemore in, but he remained on third. Speaking of coaching suggests that it would have been much more sportsmanlike if the Harvard men had carried on their coaching in a more quiet way. It is not necessary to do so much talking, nor does it accomplish any very important results.

FOR PRINCETON, WILSON DID distinctly the best work, and if he keeps up to the standard he set himself on Saturday he will make a pitcher of the first class. He used good judgment, watched Trenchard's signals warily, and kept cool during the entire game. Towards the eighth inning he weakened a little, but on the whole it was a fortunate thing for Princeton that he was put in instead of Altman. He is a Sophomore now, and has two years more. With Bradley and Wilson Princeton is well supplied with pitchers for the future.

In the sixth inning Trenchard broke his thumb when catching a foul tip, and as the break is a compound fracture it is possible that he may not play again this season. This will be a severe loss to Princeton, for while Williams is perhaps as good a catcher, he cannot be compared with Trenchard in batting.

THE FIRST SHOWING MADE by the California track athletic men on Saturday at Princeton was naturally watched with a great deal of interest, since it gives a suggestion of the place the University of California is likely to take in the Inter-collegiate games on the 25th. It was to be expected that the U. C. men could defeat Princeton, since, with a few exceptions, Princeton men have never been very strong in either field or track events, and 61 points to 51 is not so surprising as might otherwise seem. The two important points brought out by the meeting last Saturday do not include the result, therefore. The first was the evident fact that the U. C. men have been beautifully trained, and that, in spite of their long journey and the short time they have had in which to recuperate, they are in a physical condition which is unknown at Princeton, and is by no means common anywhere in the East. In nearly every track event the Princeton men, whether they won or not, were completely exhausted, or, in other words, they did the best they could each time. The U. C. men, on the other hand, whose chief object in coming East is the meeting on the 25th, naturally saved themselves where they could; but when they were defeated, as, for instance, in the mile walk and the mile run, they trotted off the field without assistance. As a team, therefore, the U. C. men were an object-lesson to Princeton trainers. The second point brought out by these games was the fact that in most cases the U. C. men failed to reach their own records, though the track was a moderately good one, and in capital condition. This was to be expected, however, because the track was a strange one, and the men could not be supposed to feel perfectly at home; but judging from their physical condition and the judgment they used in saving themselves when they could, we may expect to see them equal all their records and to break some later. Edgren, for example, only threw the hammer 113 feet, and he holds a record of 123 feet 5 inches, and has done 131 feet; and so on through most of the events. The best men, and those who are the most to be looked out for at the Inter-collegiate games, are Dyer and Torrey, especially Dyer, in the hurdles; Koch in the half mile, high jump, and putting the shot; Patterson in the high jump; Edgren in the hammer-throwing; and possibly Scoggins in the 100, though he is rather uncertain. In any case, all these men are distinctly in the first class. It is noteworthy also that in the track events U. C. took 5 firsts out of 9, and in the field events 3 out of 5, securing, in other words, a majority of firsts in both classes.

SOUTHERN DEVELOPMENT.

THE masses of the people in the Northern States enjoy little accurate information as to the social and industrial conditions of the South. On the contrary, they are filled with misinformation which leads them to misunderstand and misjudge conditions. Directly after the war it was natural that each section should feel a prejudice against the other. It was natural, too, that this prejudice should continue during the period of reconstruction, but it is scarcely less than amazing that it should last till now, and that it should be a potent influence in retarding the development of this congenial, inviting, and rich section of the country. A glance at the census maps will show that foreign immigration has scarcely touched the South, and a further study of the census tables will show that as a general thing the increase in the population of the South has been merely natural, and has not been due to accessions from abroad or from more crowded sections of our own country. The misapprehension of the social customs and the misinformation as to industrial opportunities have prevented Northern people who are looking for new homes from going South; but the tide of foreign emigration towards the West was started by the "land-grant" railways, and has been to a great extent kept up by them.

It must not be thought that because of this diversion of immigration in other directions that the South has stood still all this while and made no progress. The progress has been marked, but it has not been nearly what it should have been, considering the climate, the fertility of the soil, and the undeveloped wealth of the section. All this has been so misunderstood that though the natives of the South for years past have extended a hospitable welcome to all who cared to come, very few have accepted the invitation. Men in the South of a newer generation now realize that their section suffers from the causes mentioned, and they are organizing to counteract those causes in a purely businesslike way. The old idea in the South was that any cause, whether it were political, sentimental, or commercial, could be accomplished more easily by an overflow of eloquence than in any other way. And so for twenty years and more the orators have been making fine phrases, and delivering them with impassioned manner up and down in the land. These newer men, however, realize that mere sentiment is powerless to build up industries and influence commerce. To solve commercial problems, therefore, they propose to apply business methods.

And so presently we are to have as an outgrowth of the Southern Exchange Association a business corporation to be called the Southern Development Company. The Southern Exchange Association was purely a sentimental organization for the purpose of influencing business. Every one recognized the value of what it proposed to do, but it is quite doubtful whether anybody saw very clearly how these things were to be done. Men needed to be employed to conduct the exchange which it was proposed to start and maintain; other men were needed to gather the information which was to be disseminated to the advantage both of the home-seekers and of those with lands to sell. Such information was to be given free, and therefore the only revenue of the exchange association was from voluntary contributions. Singularly enough, many of those active in the organization of the association thought it only fair that capitalists in the North should bear the burden of this establishment. And upon such a basis and with such expectations the association was organized. But so soon as the president of the association, Captain Hugh R. Garden, of New York, gave some attention to its affairs, as a business man of experience he saw that it would accomplish nothing worth while. He therefore at once set about changing this voluntary and sentimental organization into a business corporation, which would establish and maintain an exchange on commercial principles. The main business of New York is in exchange, and therefore New York was selected as the place where those who wish any information about the South can purchase it, where those who want to make investments in the South can learn as accurately as may be of the character and value of such investments. It is the purpose of those who are founding this development company to divorce its affairs entirely from political and sectional sentiments, and to be as distinctively commercial as the Stock Exchange or Produce Exchange.

Men with capital can at present command sources of information so as to make investments with intelligent prudence. But the home-seekers, who usually need all their money for working capital in a new locality, cannot afford to make very extended personal searches for the proper places for settlement. Such an exchange would be invaluable to settlers such as these, for a very little conversation would show that this man would probably be happier in Florida than in Arkansas, and that man would find more congenial surroundings in Kentucky than in Texas. In the South there are all kinds of opportunities waiting for the proper persons to take advantage of them. The first problem is to induce the desirable among the home-seekers to turn their eyes to the South, and the next thing is to direct their steps in exactly the right direction. This is the kind of work this development company proposes to try to do, and as the founders start out with a wholesome horror of brass bands and splendid rhetoric, there seems to be no good reason why they should not succeed.

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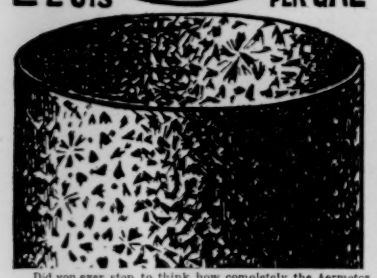

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